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128.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

NUREMBERG

AND

WHAT IS TO BE MET WITH THERE.

FOR

VISITORS

AND

FIRE-SIDE READERS.

BY

H. J. WHITLING.

NUREMBERG

PUBLISHED BY RIEGEL AND WIESSNER

(CHARLES MAINBERGER).

1847.

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Nürnberg

(Gesch. des Dr. Faust. 1847.)

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"Wenn Jemand Deutschland kennen
Und Deutschland lieben soll,
Muss man ihm Nürnberg nennen,
Der edlen Künste voll —
Du, nimmer noch veraltet,
Du treue, fleiss'ge Stadt;
Wo Dürer's Kunst gewaltet,
Und Sachs gesungen hat."

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WHAT IS TO BE MET WITH THERE.

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AND

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BY

H. L. MUHTLING.



PRINTED BY H. CAMPE.

TO THOSE

who will accompany me, while wandering about

one of the

most interesting old towns

in

GERMANY

or

venture on the sacrifice of an hour to make me their companion while sitting

AT HOME,

this little book is inscribed.

S. N°. 649., Schildgasse.
Nuremberg, 1. January 1847.

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An Opening Chapter.

Past, present, and future prospects.

If you take a map of Europe and trace upwards with the forefinger of your right hand to the 49th degree 27′ 28″ North latitude while your left is employed in the same way on the line of East longitude to about 28° 45′, you will have under them at the point of intersection the name of an old town, now belonging to Bavaria, which in its historical interest, its former importance both political and commercial; its Arts, Sciences and Manufactures; its picturesque appearance; the style of its buildings civil and ecclesiastical; and the numerous well preserved remains it presents of times long by — yields to none other in the map now lying open before you.

This is Nuremberg. —

To you gentle reader who it may be are already within the circle of its ancient and time honored walls, it is needless to say ought of its whereabouts; but for the sake of those who have not yet visited it, we

have thought it advisable to indicate its precise geographical position! because, although still a place of some existing importance it unfortunately lies on the road from nowhere to nowhere, judging from the track usually pursued by the English — who — for the most part content themselves with running round it in all directious — but too seldom think of visiting a locality which appears to be regarded as a sort of «terra incognita». — It is therefore with a view to your becoming better acquainted with this comparatively unknown region, together with its interesting old town, fortress, and other lingering relics of the middle ages, that the following chapters are undertaken.

First for a brief sketch of its history.

Its origin, like that of many other towns, is lost in the dim shadows of tradition — and there is no such thing as ascertaining how it obtained either its foundation or name. Of course, where mystery exists, tradition is rife, fancy lively, and fiction audacious. Those who delight unnecessarily to magnify its antiquity, refer both to the time of Nero — but facts, those exceedingly troublesome opponents of all such old chronologers, seem to shew, that so far from owing its origin

to him it might with almost as much propriety be ascribed to Confucius, both the one and the other having had about an equal share in it.

One thing however is quite certain — like some of its ancient and wealthy burghers, it arose from very small beginnings; and herein we may defy the contradiction of any authority, at the same time supporting our own by the Lang, Regesta — Top Noribergensis — Lochner's Jahrbücher — and others equally honest and trustworthy, which assign to it an existence of nearly a thousand years, asserting moreover that even at the time circumstances obtained for it the rights of market, customs and coinage, its extent was very circumscribed; its population small; and its position in other respects comparatively inconsiderable.

Notwithstanding this, it was destined soon to swell into importance; like one of the beforementioned old worthies, whose increasing corpulency rendered necessary an extension both of belt and doublet — accordingly in 1130 its boundaries were enlarged and its walls strengthened — its bulk still increasing with its commerce rendered this again and again necessary, till its final ex-

tension in 1427 when its defences were completed according to the most approved method of the time, and as a place of immense strength and immeasurable loyalty it had the honor to be charged with the custody of the Imperial Regalia, Relics, etc., which were deposited in the church of the Holy Ghost, in the Spitalplatz, and remained, there until the dissolution of the German Empire, when by some means or other they found their way to Vienna.

In its earlier days it had become possessed of the rights and privileges of a free city, and its prosperity therefore increased more and more. — Commerce, Industry, and the Arts, flourished, and at length it grew so wealthy and powerful, that the emperors themselves, for such reasons, as, in those days, greatly weighed with crowned heads, were wont not only to regard it with especial favour, but frequently to reside in its castle.

Although it soon showed itself something of an Imperium in Imperio, the government of the town, and the emperors, generally understood each other pretty well; at the same time however it seems to have been impossible to agree with every body, and

therefore during the progress of its moral and physical development, some causes of perplexity presented themselves. These in spite of its desire to live peaceably compelled it to take up the cudgels, and Nuremberg found itself at times involved in war. — But the consequences were always sustained with such a stout burgherlike strength and courage, that somehow, whatever glory and benefit could arise under its various quarrels, always appeared to accrue on the side of this little Republic, and the exciting political events incident to the period, and its own position, only operated to strengthen and ennoble it.

Its state of fermentation however passed for a while away; its ingredients were at the time sound and wholesome, and at length it settled down ito something substantially excellent. In the latter end of the 15th Century it may be said to have attained its highest point; or as the germans say the sun of its glory was in the «Mittag» quarter. — It was then the brilliant centre of all that could conduce to the glory and wealth of an empire; and while it drew into its bosom much of the produce and riches of other lands, the residence of the german emperors marked it as the theatre of fêtes, and imperial diets;

the focus which, held and reflected with the utmost splendor whatever could add to the lustre of the imperial court; and to crown all, its affairs were administered with both energy and dignity by men of the most eminent character, formed by education, travel, and the experience of foreign courts, who knew how to conduct its various relations, and brought as nearly as possible to perfectiou its legislative policy and finances; and its unprecedented prosperity under their government, is the best proof that they well understood how to preserve and to extend the interests over which they were called to preside. — Nor were the moral interests of the city forgotten, they exercised their influence also to establish foundations having for their object the advancement of religion, charity, and public instruction, the good effects of which are felt down to this very day in the institutions bequeathed by men, who seem to have lived but to advance the general prosperity, and to promote the welfare of their own and succeeding generatious.

Now look once more at your map — and you will perhaps discover another cause of its well doing — for it was not only that the Emperors for more than 600 years made

it a place of residence; neither did at spring alone from the privileges they granted it; nor was it merely on account of the diets held there; but principally its geographical position. — At all times commerce and industry were the sources of its prosperity, as they have been and are of every people possessing them, while its own good government strengthened and confirmed this; yet doubtless the first great cause was a natural one, and must be looked for in the advantageous point it occupied on the map.

But as in the moral world our greatest enjoyments sometimes give occasion to our greatest sorrows, so here, the very position in which it once gloried, became afterwards the source of its greatest disadvantages.

Prior to the circumnavigation of the cape of Good Hope all merchandize from the East was obliged to travel overland into Europe, and came for distribution by way of Germany; Nuremberg then naturally became the Entrepôt. It had commercial relatious with the towns on the Mediterranean and Adriatic; together with Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and many others of contemporary importance; but towards the middle of the 16th. Century its riches made themselves wings and flew away;

or, what was much the same thing, its commerce took to the water, and since Nuremberg could not well follow it to the sea, nor the sea very easily reach Nuremberg, the latter began to find itself in the condition of a vessel abandoned by the receding tide; its business declined, and with it the wealth, influence, and celebrity it once so conspicucusly possessed.

Long had it witnessed days of splendor, but its days of darkness were now to come, and of those not a few. With its commerce, declined also the prosperity and power of the burghers; the government degenerated, the senate became enfeebled and corrupt, the people demoralized, and all betokened its speedy downfall, when religious intolerance lighted up the torch of discord, and war came in amongst other evils, to exhaust its resources, complete its calamities, and hasten its destruction. The congress of 1649 — 50 to settle the peace of Westphalia exhibited the last dying embers of that pomp and splendor which shone in bygone days from this ancient city. — An age of inactivity, an increasing debt and lessened means of payment led to its dissolution; it became more and more impoverished, its administration paraly-

sed, and its final bankruptcy at length involved the whole in one common ruin.

Such was its condition in 1806 when its annexation to the kingdom of Bavaria was regarded as a blessing and attended by the most beneficial consequences to the town. Its debt was recognised by the state, who while it extended in some degree certain of the rights of the citizens, limited others, took into its own hands the executive, and regulated, or reorganised the whole Economie Publique. — From that moment, it is said, the town again began to thrive, and although the days of its high prosperity notwithstanding the overland transit, can perhaps never return, still industry, commerce, manufactures, and the arts, are giving signs of renewed. vigour; it has participated in the importation of colonial produce, and has opened relations with England, Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and America. Of late years also under the Prussian system of general customs, it has again become (what its distinguished position must amidst all changes, ever secure to it) the Entrepôt of commerce between the north and south; the important transactions also of its bankers still connect it with the principal towns in Europe, while the canal

to unite the Daunbe and Rhine, and the railroads finished and in progress radiating in various lines from the town afford the best assurances of its future welfare, as the increased value of property of every description does of its present prosperity.

And now after this rapid sketch of its history and doings let us look around, and consider how not only Nuremberg but all Germany breathing something of the spirit of the times is awakening to a new existence. — Go through her towns — witness her increasing manufactures — her commercial efforts great and earnest — and the dawn of improvement now breaking over all. What though her movements be slow, or at first restricted? it is the naturally cramping effect of her long confined position. Other countries have had a freer course, and attained their various points of culmination. — France bas reached hers. — Italy hers also, under the Romans — Spain hers. — England is fast attaining if she have not already reached hers, and long, long, may the bright star of her glorious destiny be preserved in the ascendant by Him whose honored instrument she is — but I find nothing in the past history of Germany to shew that she has yet

attained hers. On the contrary. Her record for ages has been a record of suffering — her beautiful land has been desolated by war — strangers have devoured it in her presence — death has gathered its bleeding victims from her fields — swords have reaped her corn, and spoiled her vineyards — and long has she sate disconsolate and a widow. — Yet have her resources not been exhausted, though her energies have slept — dormant but not dead she is now rousing herself like a giant after a long and heavy slumber, shaking off by degrees the lethargy which so deeply oppressed her — and as soon as her kindling eyes are enabled to sustain the full lustre of the mid-day beam *) she will again exhibit herself to astonished Europe, in more than her former greatness and glory, a mighty, renowned, and prosperous nation.

*) Free Press — with this, all other political blessings would, and will quickly follow — *will*, because it is inevitable. — The whole of, Germany, *as one mind*, is fast ripening *to require it*, and will ere long as with one mouth *demand it* — and then, all the united efforts of the world can no more prevent it, than those who profiting by darkness and therefore wishing to prolong the night, can by holding up a napkin exclude the approach of the rising sun.

Chapter II.

Shewing the position of Nuremberg — its general appearance and healthiness — its streets, houses, and the capricious pranks of its river — and how pleasantly its fortifications are at present masked, and occupied.

Nuremberg stands upon a variety of small hills, or slopes, rising from a somewhat undulated sandy plain which though originally producing little beyond wood, heather and cranberries, cultivation has within the last thirty years persuaded to change into a garden; and to yield from a soil, as fine as if it had passed through a sieve, its tribute of herbs, fruit, vegetables, flax, tobacco, and every kind of grain.

There is a something unusual in the look of the country lying immediately around it. The remains of a vast forest broken at intervals encircle it on every side, upon which however the industry of the peasant has been gradually encroaching, so that between it and the town, immense tracts of cultivable land now interpose which were formerly wet, desolate, heathy or altogether unproductive. The villages which freckle the plain, are of a pictu-

resque character, and mostly clean, and the chateaux of which there is generally one in each with gabled fronts, latticed windows, and turretted angles surmounted by weather-cocks overlook them, in all the prim repose of old fashioned dignity.

The strata upon which the town is built — sand and gravel — and its altitude above the level of the sea — abont 900 english feel — render its sanatory condition undeniable; and though from its open and elevated position it is freely exposed to the air, the changes of temperature are by no means either sudden or violent — storms are not often attracted towards it, and snow seldom lies long in the neighbourhood — endemical disorders are comparatively unknown, and epidemics rarely make their appearance, and then only for a short time.

The first view you get of Nuremberg approaching it from Ansbach gives a favorable idea of its extent and importance, and its numerous old grey towers of every form, its dome, spires, and pinnacles, are seen all blended together in picturesque confusion — above these the venerable fortress whose walls are discoloured and crumbling with age rears itself in sullen pride, as if disdaining

aught that might offend the air of its ancient nobility. — Its attitude is one of complete repose — it appears to look down upon all with a feeling of the most perfect self — complacency — snd as though impressed with a deep sense of its own dignified antiquity seems to say. — I have a right to be here.

In the interior as well as external appearance of the town, it bears that peculiar character which great age can alone impart. The many ancient wall towers yet remaining — abont 120 — as well as the deep moat, bastions, etc. prepared for its defence, recall to mind the wars of early times, by which though it was never much damaged, it was not unfrequently endangered.

You enter it by the Spittlerthor, over what was once a drawbridge, and having crossed the fosse and passed the battlements soon find yourself in one of the principal streets. The general aspect of the interior is highly imposing. Most of the houses are very large, of a massive style of Architecture, often adorned with fanciful gables, and bearing the impress of the period when every inhabitant was a merchant, and every merchant was lodged like a king. Their form and shadows harmonize well with the foun-

tains, numerous figures, public monuments, and churches rich in the mouldering sculpture of former ages. Some of them are beautifully carved both inside and out and the air of bygone magnificence which pervades the whole, tells many an interesting tale of the wealth and splendor of other days.

I entered the town at the close of a fine autumnal evening, whose declining beams lighted up here and there the various points and angles of the high and quaintly turretted roofs. — The sounds of the day had nearly ceased, save the lumbering of two or three primitive looking country waggons drawn by oxen, the faintly swelling shouts of a few groups of children, and the tolling of the evening bell of St. Lorenzo, whose sun gilt pinnacles seemed to pierce the serene vault of heaven. As I rambled along some of the dusky streets the shouts of merriment gradually died away — the bell ceased to toll — the stork was flapping heavily homewards — and by the time I reached the ascent to the castle, the evening had closed in, and silence asserted her reign over all. The season, the hour, the place were suited to quiet meditation — although in a crowded city, the world and its tumults seemed whol-

ly shut out, and while contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, it was like going back into the regions of antiquity, or wandering awhile amongst the dim shadows of the olden time.

Subsequent researches discoveredto me, that this reverend old town is perforated with Schutes, Gässleins — (you must excuse the english plural) — hofs, elbows, little alleys, turnings, holes, and corners like a rabbit warren or worm eaten kleide schrank, enough almost to baffle the zeal of the antiquary, and at the same time, well to reward his most diligent searchings. It is divided into two parts by the intervention of a certain river called the Pegnitz; a discolored, and at times unprepossessing, but nevertheless very useful little stream, whose busy efforts greatly assist the health and industry of the inhabitants. It once formed part of their means of defence; but as its aid in that way is no longer required, it humbly contents itself by sweeping away the produce of all the drains in the neighbourhood; by irrigating and fertilizing the lower meadows; and by turning, I dont know how many, different kinds of mills which frequently, arrest for a moment, the course of its waters. Above the town

dyers, laundresses, bleachers, and gardeners make use of it. Men, women, boys, girls, and even pigs bathe in it — the light boats of the various millers and fishermen occasionally traverse it — squadrons of ducks and geese find a paradise on its bosom — and altogether it is, as I have said a very active fussy and useful little stream; and I hold the remarks which have been applied to it, that «L'ennui l'avait rendue tont hypocondriaque»; and «qu'elle ne continuent a couler que puisque c'etait l'usage», to be a most outrageous unfounded, and ungrateful defamation of its exemplary character for past services, and present utility. But hypochondriacal ennui, has not so far disabled it, but that it can at times take a somewhat disagreable revenge upon those who venture to undervalue or malign its efforts; and accordingly it has now and then been known to rage, swell, and get angry; and not content with walking out of its own bed in the middle of the night, it climbs up to the first floor windows, and compels some of the nearest inhabitants to do the same — but its resentment never lasts long; and after having exacted a satisfactory amount of consternation, marvel, wet feet, and such like homage; and called out

a forced guard of police to attend its presence and departure, it goes suddenly off to bed again, laughing at all the botheration it has caused while endeavouring to make its doings more respected. Were it not that one detests punning, it might here be observed how little surprising it is, that this gentle stream, generally so amiable and obliging, should *sometimes* get angry, seeing that it is so often *crossed*, for it has no less than 14 bridges within the limits of the town — of these seven are of stone: One the Fleischbrücke erected by Stromer in 1596 is after the plan of the Rialto, and like its renowned model cruelly steep — Besides these it has a chain bridge, rather the worse for wear, of which however it boasts, as being the first of the kind seen in Germany; an assurance that no one who examines its construction will presume for one moment to doubt. It possesses also six wooden bridges which go over it at convenient intervals and whose kind offices this way it sometimes rewards by going over them in return — when angry however it has been known to dismiss two on three of these attendants somewhat suddenly, and as the inhabitants thought without any good reason. The town authorities were therefore

appealed to, and as they have hitherto invariably reinstated them in their appointments it is believed there were sufficient grounds for the continuation of their services.

Its banks are embellished with many old quaint looking dwellings, of divers form color and character, whose projecting roofs, carved ends, high gables, ornamental chimnies and overhanging balconies, throw out broad rich masses of light and shade in the most attractive contrast that the eye can desire.

The two divisions of the town, within the walls, which the beforenamed river has so obligingly separated, are called after the two principal churches; St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo; together containing, about 50000 inhabitants; occupying nearly 4000 houses, divided into 62 districts, to which access is gained by the Spittler-, Frauen-, Laufer- and Neuenthor. And by the smaller gates of Haller-, Wöhrder-, Thiergärtner- and Vestnerthörlein. The four principal gate towers received their present form, in the middle of the 16th Century. Their appearance is striking — massive and of great strength: — they are cylindrical and resemble an enormous old fashioned cannon or mortar standing on end, the upper opening which in some is circular

representing the touchhole. The smaller gates are closed at 11 o Clock P. M. the others remain open all night.

The smaller towers, bastions, and covered ramparts which, with the ditch 50 feet deep and 100 feet wide form the fortifications, though redoubtable enough in days of yore, are it is apprehended, at present, but of little importance to the town in point of defence; and the batteries thrown up by Gustavus Adolphus, though still preserved, are probably more interesting to the antiquary than the soldier. The old towers which garnish at short intervals the walls are of a picturesque description, roofed to a very steep pitch, and mostly covered with long narrow and highly convexed tiles; which, together with the time stained tints they so richly wear, impart to them a character that would delight the artist and deeply impress the antiquary. — But the use of these fortifications has long since passed away — the ditch though preserved in form has blossomed into a garden studded with fruit trees — the walls are mantled with ivy — and the apertures through which cannon once bristled and blazed, are now curtained by the trim wall flower, and trailing bramble; amidst whose tangled compa-

nionship, the chaffinch, linnet, and wren build their tiny dwellings, in all the happy peacefulness of conscious security.

Chapter III.

Being a chapter on churches.

In describing more particularly some of the many interesting features of the town, you must be referred to some impressive documents both in metal and stone, which present to the eye the most lively pictures of the zeal, genius, and science of centuries that are lapsed: And because of my great regard for Architecture as the first of the Fine Arts, eminently thus distinguished even by Devotion itself, I shall begin with its sermons in stones, as set forth in some of the noble parish churches which adorn Nuremberg.

For what is there upon earth more grateful to the eye of sentimeut, philanthropy, and religion than a church? You travel over a country; our own for instance; spires rise

from the hills, or are seen embowered in the vallies, each one a speaking hieroglyphic of — God. — What though the temple be humble? — it agrees with the homely manners of its rustic congregation — it is sacred — it is venerable — *it is a church* — the seeds of the resurrection lie around it — and a retrospection of his own life — a remembrance of his creator — of death — and the judgment to come — are the awful and instructive lessons it brings to the mind of him who regards it aright.

Cross the threshhold of some of these old churches; a solemn awe impresses the soul; much of which feeling is strengthened, if not awakened by the speaking interior. Before you, are tombs and monuments; and in the windows, are effigies with uplifted hands, as a perpetual memento to all of their absolute dependance upon God. — Banners too are sometimes there — and representations of helmets, corselets and swords, bespeaking a loyal and brave defence of king, country, and home; and handed down and preserved there for the happiness and emulation of their children, are bright and numerous testimonies to the zeal and piety, the wisdom, and honor, which adorned the lives of their ancestors.

And so religion consecrates the architectures of which it is the parent; hence one of its effects is to produce in the mind a religious abstraction, which is perhaps heightened by its antiquity and mystery, the latter symbolical of the mystery of the doctrines of godliness taught within its sacred walls; and in the same spirit it was that the ancient temples exhibited forms of worship, widely various it is true, but which rendered each a hierogram of its god, or of the peculiar religious opinions which influenced its votaries. — To all these feelings however, we of purer faith, superadd such an application and use, as sanctify at once both the service and the temple.

The principal churches here are devoted to the Lutheran form of worship, which without intending disrespect to either, may be said to possess all the meagre negligence *)

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*) Amongst other things may be mentioned, the sitting during the Hymn or Psalm — and *standing up at prayer* — which if regard be held to our Saviour's example, *appears* at least, irreverent. — But the protestants of this country *kneel not* — even at their bed-side prayers, for the reason — *that it savours of Romanism!!*

of the english sectarian. This our own church formed on the purest model of Christianity, wisely avoids, and anxious that «all things be done decently and in order», does not despise, although she does not lay too much stress on externals.

Some of these reflections have it is true taken me for a moment back to England — but then, it is so natural to go home when one has the opportunity, such glances are fleet, and thought so easily crosses the channel — then, again, this sort of flight is so pleasant to the mind, so delightful to the memory, so — every thing, that can gratify the imagination and gladden the heart — but, since it sometimes rather dims the eye to the beauty of other objects, while thus recalling the scenes and impressions of our own loved country, we will close this just now, sighing fervently, if not singing,

My own my bonnie England,
Theres nought like thee beside;
And none know *how* they love thee,
Till seas their love divide.

and now — back to Nuremberg. —

In pointing out some of its chief ecclesiastical features, I shall begin with the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo, in both

of which will be found much to improve and delight the student and amateur of pure german architecture. Not that it is confined to these alone, for the specimens more or less preserved, which abound — here furnish forth many an interesting study; and notwithstanding the altered state and deterioration occasionally to be met with, they still bear clear evidence of the different periods of their erection; and many of them enclose within their sacred walls, old monuments, tombs, pulpits, canopies, etc., adorned with sculpture, casts, and carvings of costly and elaborate execution.

St. Sebald deserves the first consideration. I do not know that the saint to whom it is dedicated, is any where else in such distinguished repute; but that he was thought a great deal of here, is pretty evident from the nature of the temple in which they have enshrined his tomb and memory. The towers are of an elevation at once simple and bold, surmounted by plain spires which shoot upwards to a height of about 270 Bavarian feet; they were built in 1482. The length of the church is 290 feet, the breadth 97½ and 22 piers about 80 feet high with angular columns serve to carry the vaulting of the roof.

The choir was finished in 1377 and is in admirable preservation.

At the north entrance are represented the wise and foolish virgins, surmounting a carved pediment, which covers the ogee of the doorway, ornamented with festoons. Against the middle window is fixed a christ in bronze of good design and workmanship it was placed there in 1482. In the base of each tower is a byzantine doorway of an evidently early period: a high relief in stone representing the trial of the cross, fills the tympanum of the one towards the south. Under the towers, is also the subterranean chapel of St. Peter, which is the oldest portion of the edifice, and dates in the 10th Century. It encloses the most ancient mausoleum in Nuremberg, that of Conrad of Neumarkt, (the founder of the convent of St. Catherine in this town) who died in 1296. A quaint representation of the last judgment, attributed, as well as the sculpture at the north entrance, to Adam Krafft, surmounts the south porch, wherein certain abbots and monks are enjoying a some what uncomfortable distinction in their descent down to Tophet. A fine old relievo of the passion, fills a protected recess opposite the Rathhaus — it bears the date 1492.

The interior presents both grandeur and beauty, and a softened depth of light and shade exercises its usual powerful though secret charm over the imagination. It abounds with sculpture, sometimes enriched with painting and gilding, niches of tabernacle work, statuettes, and other elaborate ornaments of canopy and shrine. The windows are somewhat high and narrow, partly filled in with stained glass *) of the most beautiful color and design by Hirschvogel, Krinnberger and other great masters of this princely art which was here brought to the highest known degree of perfection.

The principal altar is of modern erection from the designs of Heideloff the town architect. The others, of which there are several, bear, according to ancient custom, the names of the different families presenting them, also several pictures by Albrecht Dürer, and other renowned artists of the old german school. There is likewise a beautiful old font of metal, which was discovered in St. Peters

*) Messr. Kellner whose house is situate S. N°. 439. will shew you some specimens from their own studio which in color equal, and in design and drawing outvie, the ancient school. — We should like to see their works well introduced into England.

chapel, and used in 1361 at the christening of him who afterwards became the Emperor Wenceslaus.

It has already been said that the memory of the wonderworking saint Sebaldus, though perhaps not so reputed elsewhere, was here eminently esteemed and cherished; and those who question it have only to look at his tomb to become instant converts to this opinion. It is in truth one of the most extraordinary objects in the town; perhaps, of its kind, in the world. It is of metal, the work of Peter Vischer and his five sons, who took thirteen, years to complete this masterpiece of their art; its height is 15 feet, length 8′ 7″, breadth 4′ 8″. The figures of the twelve apostles heighth 1′ 11″ which are there fixed, each in its respective niche, deservedly enjoy a high celebrity. These are multiplied in every variety of papier-machée, wood, plaster of paris, and alabaster. Sets of the latter in appropriate niches are to be had at about three pounds each, of Mr. Bestelmeier, whose shop occupies an old church of the Franciscans, and will well repay the trouble you take to visit it. Surmounting these, are statuettes of the fathers of the church, and 72 others, which serve to give character

and ornament to this splendid work of art. A figure of the infant Jesus occupies the highest place. Below the sarcophagus 5′ 10″ long, 1′ 7″ wide, sculptured in 1397, and overlaid with thin plates of gold and silver; are curious bas reliefs representing scenes taken from the life and doings of this celebrated saint.

Vischer began this monument in 1506 and completed it in the year 1519.

Near this church on the north side, is the presbytery, formerly the residence of the priors: it was built in 1318 and partly consumed by fire in 1361. The principal choir however will still be found interesting, and also the well proportioned oriel of yet earlier date, as built by Melchior Pfinzing, and in which that poet sate to write his «Theuerdank» — The manuscript of this curious old poem is preserved in the town library.

Next in order comes the church of St. Lorenzo, with its beautiful rose window, and light gallery surmounting the western entrance and connecting the towers; with enriched spandrils, and filled in with some excellent modern basreliefs. The towers are of equal height with those of St. Sebald, that to the north was built in 1283, the other in a somewhat different though not abruptly dissimilar

style — in 1400. The square portion of each and the elevation of the span or gable, are crowned by a light open parapet. The architecture here adopted is of a more decorative character than in the first named church; and its exterior is, to my mind, far more impressive as a rich specimen of ancient german art. The color of the stone of which it is built, and the thin coating of moss which has gathered upon its hoary walls, impart to it the sombre tone of antiquity; while the silent dilapidations of time, observable in the disappearance of the sharper touches of the artificer's chisel, and the gradually mouldering tracery, present something touchingly beautiful amidst its very decay.

Like the other it contains the tombs of knights, and high born ladies; and the walls are encrusted with monuments of various periods and character. The light pours in a softened stream through windows dappled with armorial bearings, often gorgeously emblazoned, and on every side the eye is met by some proud memorial of aspiring mortality. The chief altar and pulpit are of stone, by Heideloff who also restored the celebrated piece of sculpture by Veit Stoss known as the salutation, and seen in the vaulting of

the choir. Many of the smaller altars are embellished with carvings of wood, and various pictures and old views of the town are to be found here, together with some amusingly illuminated ancient missals, evidently done when the reverend illuminators were in a very merry mood — these are to be seen in the sacristy.

But the most interesting and beautiful ornament of which this church can boast, is, the «Sacramentshäuslein» the depository of the sacred elements prior to consecration. It is the work of Adam Krafft A. D. 1506, and required five years for its completion — it is — and it is not, elancèe — for the spandril which soars above the situation assigned to it, compels it, at a height of about 65 feet to bow its beautiful head like the snow drop on its stem. It represents the history of our saviour in various compartments supported by kneeling figures, portraits of the master and his companions. Of picturesque form and daring in execution, the minute elegance of this wonderful sculpture would lead to the belief that it must be cut entire out of some light material, instead of being, what it really is, one of the most elaborate specimens of sculptured stone. In design and workmanship it

stands confessedly one if the most celebrated efforts of the age in which it was produced. It terminates in a pendant flower; and one cannot but fancy while admiring this pious exertion of emulative art, that the very stone seems to have been purified of its density, mounting as it does airily upward in all the elaborate beauty of filagree, from the hands of these cunning workmen of the olden time.

There are many other churches in this ancient town about which much might be said; but such descriptions would perhaps bear a similarity which might render them irksome. Wishing to retain your good graces I shall therefore forbear any such attempt upon your patience, and content myself by endeavouring to convey the information to be offered, in such wise, as to aid and interest you without becoming tiresome; and having said this — just put your arm in mine, and let us walk to the Frauenkirche.

This church belongs to the Romanists, and except that of St. Elizabeth — a portly skelleton near the white (?) tower — is the only one they possess here. It was built by the emperor Charles the fourth in 1361. Yet since the west elevation presents a florid

and beautiful example of its period — and I don't know why emperors should have all the credit of these things, some pains have been taken to put you in possession of the names of the architects. It was then, if such a thing really can be, a joint stock production, of the brothers Rupprecht, who erected it on the site of an ancient synagogue of the jews; and though the niches have long been despoiled of the statues which once adorned them, and, as may be supposed, it is otherwise somewhat the worse in appearance after having weathered nearly 500 german winters, its venerable elevations still present an interesting and beautiful specimen, of one of the most beautiful styles of Christian Architecture.

This church also has its pictures, reliefs, tombs, monuments, altars, stained glass windows, statues, and sculptured niches.

Then it has an extraordinary old clock fixed in a once richly ornamented tabernacle below the apex of the west elevation, which breaks forward to receive it: by some it is called the choir of St. Michael, while others declare St. Michael has nothing whatever to do with it, but that it is intended to represent the pope, who seated in a very com-

fortable sort of arm chair, used formerly at certain periods to raise the sceptre, and summon the representative figures of the twelve apostles to do obeisance. — That time however seems now to be past; the latter after a while got tired of the ceremony; refused the homage; and St. Peter himself, it is said, setting the example, they began to reject the uniformity required. One went one way — another, another — and a third wouldn't go at all — till, as you perceive they have, at length, made a dead stand of it, and treat the motions of their would be commander in chief with the most culpable inattention. But let them look to it — for there is serious talk of some *Able* tinkering in the higher quarters in order to set all these matters to rights again — so they had better take care and mind what they are about, in time.

After this must be mentioned the church of the Holy Ghost — where the Imperial jewels relics *) etc. were formerly deposit-

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*) These relics were as follows. The real holy spear, one nail, and a piece of the true cross. A portion of the cloth which, covered the table at the Last supper; and a fragment of the towel wherewith Jesus girded himself when he washed the feet of the disciples. — Five thorns

ed — of a style simple and impressive, and moreover remarkable for a very distinctly speaking clergyman (which it may be useful to you, as a foreigner, to know). There is also the church of St. James. Which according to certain old teutonic archives existed here prior to 1200 A. D. It has been neglected restored, and neglected again: but with all this, the exterior remains almost intact except a portion of the gable. In the last restoration undertaken in 1824, the interior, before dark and ill adapted for worship, has been remodelled, and rendered worthy of its

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out of the thorny crown. — A tooth of John the Baptist of extraordinary size, evidently a "cutter„ — very much like those belonging to the Ourang-outang only rather larger! — A piece of the Baptists coat — some links from the chain which bound St. John, and St. Paul — with many others equally efficacious; 18 folio volumes have at different times been written over these precious remains!! And an old Dominican Chronicler assures us that "all have been seen and handled by many of the faithful (!) to the great edification both of body and soul„ and no doubt to the at least equal improvement of the pouch of the blessed St. Dominic had the pious old Chronicler's modesty only permitted him to say so. — The relics are now at Vienna.

*

destination. It is also remarkable for its altar; the original one being still here; but it has been filled in with modern statuettes of Mary Magdaline, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and others of equal renown. Many other statues in the choir and chapel were brought here from St. Maurice, and other churches, now no longer used as places of worship.

Then there is also the church of St. Claire; and the chapels of St. Margaret, and of Vaubourg, now used as a place of meeting for Antiquaries, and wherein are deposited many curiosities — nor must the interesting old chapel of St. Croix be forgotten, originally built as an hospital for pilgrims, and where a few years ago they discovered ten paintings by Wohlgemuth the master of Dürer. The altar is from the chisel of Veit Stofs. Neither should the chapel of St. Martha be passed unnoticed, nor the church of St. Chartreuse, the latter a well preserved ruin, and now used, or rather abominably abused and desecrated, as a place of stores for the cavalry stationed here. — To this list must yet be added another, that of St. Elizabeth began in 1785 as a place of worship for the Romanists and still remaining unfinished.

But on looking back I find I have not yet done; and for one very shameful omission I have to beg pardon of the most fashionable church in the town, St. Giles, of its three ancient and interesting byzantine chapels, and of all its congregation; particularly of the many gay and handsomely dressed ladies, who — when the weather is fine — so devotedly attend the sunday morning service; and of all the «employés» and other young gentlemen (?) who so politely crowd together at the foot of the hill to stare at them as they come out! — This church is 200 feet long, there is nothing like being particular in dimensions — and 54 feet wide with a beautifully carved interior, and a tuscan elevation comprising the usual adaptation of tryglyph and pediment. It has a clock and two towers surmounted by cupolas — no — they are not cupolas either — an ornamental, and not too «fat» Elizabethan bracket, inverted upon the cornice which projects above the belfry windows, will perhaps convey the best idea of their sectioned outline and form; but you are at liberty to designate them in any way that may please you better.

To say this church is not in the worst style of Bernini, is no very great amount

either of praise or blame; but in Nuremberg, it is, and must always have been (to speak conversely) as much out of place, as an old burgher in his teutonic hat and fanciful garb would be in some upstart square of modern erection in England. It stands on the Egydienplatz, (St. Gile's Place) whose verdant though paved slopes afford much pastoral encouragement to multitudes of uncultivated chickens, and other species of romantic poultry. Two flocks of geese and some very fuzzy-buzzy little goslings have lately been added to the community, so that I cannot help thinking the town council has this year endeavoured to increase its revenue, by letting the grazings!

Much more might be written over these and other ecclesiastical remains in Nuremberg, but if enough has been said to awaken your interest in some of the old buildings, I am contented — the rest may be left in order to afford you the satisfaction of making other discoveries for yourself, and which cannot fail to be such as will amply reward your most diligent searchings.

Chapter IV.

The only one in the book that possesses the distinction of being allowed to explain itself.

One morning I had been turning over the pages of a dark looking old volume in black letter, wherein St. John's churchyard was casually spoken of as having been a noted burying place something like 500 years ago; and coming down to later times greatly eulogised the beautiful design and execution of the bronze escutcheons which adorn the tombs and monuments of that interesting cemetery. A few enquiries of some of the inhabitants still further exciting my curiosity, and the morning being perfectly fine, I will go said I and see this wilderness of tombs — this ancient region of the storied dead — whose names and doings the metal archives have enduringly proclaimed, and are now bearing proudly down in wondrous perfection for the benefit and admiration of future ages. Laying the book aside therefore, I started off as directed in search of «Pilate's House» for a reason which will presently appear.

I took no commissioner with me; why — has been already mentioned in a former volume *), and therefore need not be here repeated. Pleasant at all times to me are the moments of idle thought, *quietly* exercised, and so I wandered forth alone, up one street and down another, till at length availing myself of the kind directions of a ant faced woman, to whom on that very account I addressed myself, I succeeded in discovering the object of my search. What- ever you do always in such cases apply to women — some german author, I believe, gives the same counsel, and having for a long time past tested it by the most satisfactory proofs, I cannot do better than put you in possession of such inestimable advice for which it is expected you will be duly thankful.

Having found the house of Pilate, whose whereabouts shall be presently mentioned, I turned my face westward and walked towards the cemetery by the gardens of the suburbs of St. John, known as the dolorous way, in consequence of some alleged points

*) Heidelberg and the way thither, published by Dyer & Co. — Paternoster row. —

of similarity between it and the approach to mount calvary from Jerusalem. This discovery seems to have been made by one Martin Kötzel who had undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy land in the year 1470; on which occasion he ascertained the number of paces between the house of Pilate and Golgotha, determining, upon his return, to erect here at certain intervals pieces of sculpture commemorative of some of the latter events in the life of our Saviour; but alas, when he got home and felt in his pockets, he found — not the measurements — but that he had lost them — nothing daunted however in his purpose, and his exemplary piety not permitting him to illustrate the qui facit per aliam, he, in the following year joined Otho. Duke of Bavaria, who, fortunately for Martin, fancied it at that time necessary for his souls' health to visit Palestine, when, taking better care to secure the object of his pilgrimage, he was at length enabled to carry out his intentions, and accordingly set up the relievos still to be seen here. They are the work of Adam Krafft, but time, neglect, and mischief, have seriously damaged some of them, and it is to be lamented that more pains have not been taken to preserve them,

since they are no less interesting from their great age, than from the strength and vigour shewn in their execution. The limits within which they are erected are the house of Pilate known as S. N°. 439. embellished with the statue of an armed knight *), (who looks out with a most warlike aspect from under a panoply something like an extinguisher), and the old church of St. John. Three crosses bearing figures in stone, stand on a gentle eminence hard by the gate of the cemetry.

I found it in a retired spot, a little distance from the town, removed as it were from the immediate hurry and bustle of every day life. The church itself is an ancient structure, planned and reared by heads and hands that have long ago mouldered into dust. It appears to have been founded in 1307 and consecrated in 1328; the churchyard was then enclosed, and laid out in those narrow beds which have since received the remains of the noble and mighty, of the wise men and councillors of the venerable town behind you, whose old towers, rising in well disposed

*) An effigy it is believed, of the redoubtable Martin himself.

groups, stand boldly out to ornament the landscape.

A low wall and pillared gateway, over whose broken pediment the willow bends mournfully, mark this place of tombs. The space is sprinkled with trees, and to the south, a verdant shelter of more stately branches opening occasionally upon the distant view, lends its shadow from the noonday heat, and increases the deep solemnity which must ever breathe its impress from amidst the receptacles of the dead.

Thought and memory cannot but be busy in such a place — earthly passion is here calmed down — the hidden feelings of the heart are appealed to — conscience will be heard — and thus the grave becomes «a faithful monitor, and a churchyard a salutary school of wisdom». Drowned in the confusion incident to worldly affairs, the gentle whispers of instruction are often unheard, or perchance, still more frequently, pass by unheeded; but at such moments as these, comes serious meditation; and what so calculated to check the undue cares and anxieties of the mind, to regulate the heart aright, and bring the soul to a just estimate of honor, wisdom, wealth,

and worldly good, as a visit to such a resting place of the relics of mortality.

« Mista Senum ac Juvenum densantur Funera » — and the bronze record here embedded in each stone, tells of a mixed and promiscuous multitude, who have lain down together without regard to age, rank, or superiority — reduced to a common level — some perhaps, even blended in the same undistinguishable dust. Men of conflicting interests and opposite views, once, it may have been, irreconcileable and sworn enemies, are here — but now, « like brethren they dwell together in unity ». — Death stepped in as the mediator, and their anger no longer burned — embittered thoughts were overcome, and their differences brought to a peaceful conclusion ; as though the great teacher, would, from out these gloomy mansions, himself admonish us, that as animosity, is no longer cherished in the abodes of the dead ; disagreement, and wrath, and malice, and evil speaking, should equally cease in the land of the living.

Poets, architects, and painters too lie here : men who have left to the world treasures of wisdom and of art, sculptured records, and golden wreaths of science and of song. —

Here you meet with the proudly displayed cognisance of some once powerful and wealthy patrician family; the great and noble of other days; who have filled their country with their doings and history with their renown — but death touched the bubble of their glory, and it burst, and went to nothing — so true is the olden comment that «man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain».

And thus lie buried, if not forgotten, all the incentives to human pride. The ambition of the worldling enters not here. — The haughty senator sleeps lowly at the feet of a pauper; and the sick, from what was the neighbouring lazar house, as softly and as well as the rich man clothed in purple and fine linen, who fared sumptuously every day. Emblems of innocence and childhood too are here; of those untasked, untried ones, mercifully taken away from the evil to come, who washed in the laver of that regenerating stream shed by Him who called them to His arms, have by His Grace, received the crown, for which they did not *strive*, and could not even *seek*. Side by side lie those who have borne «the burden and heat of the day», and having passed through the storms and

tempests of this troublous life, are now quiet and at rest in the regions of undisturbed repose.

Time has left his hoary impress on these ancient tombs. The dark grey stones are for the most part discoloured by age, succeeding seasons have clad some in a thin covering of moss, and careless footsteps have worn others almost away; but the records yet live, and in no faint inscription. — The imperishable bronzes have received the charge and shewn themselves worthy trustees of the names, deeds, and armorial bearings of those who have so long passed away; and spite of time, neglect, and careless footsteps, still do they exist in almost original freshness and glory, and exact a passing homage to the ashes that are gathered below them. — Albeit the mouldering stone, and still speaking emblems, proclaim in accents unmistakeable, the decay and oblivion which sooner or later must come over all.

I found several of the tombs adorned with circlets of leaves and flowers, and deposited upon others, may sometimes be seen, scattered roses, or a solitary nosegay. In many cases however, the chaplet appears to be not so much the poetic offering of affection,

as a cold compliance with an ancient form, since the care of it is not unfrequently delegated to those whose *business* it is to renew from time to time the customary tribute. And although one cannot but greatly honor all such established usages, there is to my mind little that harmonises in the offering of wreaths of flowers upon blocks of stone; since flowers seem to require for their votive altar, neither the sculptured tomb, nor the emblazoned shield, nor aught beyond a grassy hillock bound with osiers. Yet care for the departed brings to the survivors a sacred anxiety to preserve in quiet the ashes that lie beneath, and thus the mournful defences of stone and railing are jealously set up, lest, perchance, the heedless footstep should disturb one hallowed relic of those we loved. True much of the poetry is thereby dissipated, and nought save the could reality remains to us — but why do I say, cold? the heart warmly cherishes the recollection of those whose memory is indelibly impressed on its own fleshly tablets; affection's freshest blossoms are ever there, inwardly offered in fondest tribute to those we have lost, and the outward, and visible appeal becomes no longer necessary.

As when some bright star in the silence of night,
All surrounded by clouds sheds its silvery beams,
Its beauties withdraw not themselves from our sight,
But lovelier still in such moments it seems. —

So round the departed will memory fling
A halo which only endears them the more,
And the heart's warmest feelings more closely will cling
To that which seems lovelier, now, than before.

But while lingering here, the sound of the passing bell tells of another exit; and yonder is a newly made grave which is soon to receive its approaching tenant. The sombre train draws near chaunting a mournful melody over the departed, whose bier adorned with a chaplet, and preceded by females bearing lemons and flowers (Blumenschaale)*) is now entering the church. The singing has ceased for a time, to be renewed at the grave while the flowers are strewing: but the iron monitor is still speaking, as if to call us to a serious contemplation of our own future reckoning, and of the utter nothingness which providence for our learning has here legibly

*) These, the mourners scatter over the coffin, after it is lowered into its final resting place.

written upon all earthly things. The remains, even of nobility are no more than an embronzed escutcheon, a withered wreath and mouldering ashes — it calls to us to have our «loins girded, and our lamps burning» like those who watch for the coming of their Lord, and admonishes us to secure our title to that heavenly crown, that one only heritage, «incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away».

Other sounds however break upon the ear, and occasionally disturb the scene. The sharp ring of the rifle from the neighbouring ground; the rumbling waggon; the distant roll of the drum; the bustle of the town; the shout of the released school boy; and the cry of the peasant to his team; amongst which, contemplation takes wing — we are again recalled to the sense and duties of active life, and our feelings of meditation are for a time dispelled by the tide of busy existence whose murmurs float over these mansions of the dead.

I arose, and turned my steps homeward deeply revolving in my mind what I had that day seen; and which, together with the reflections naturally awakened, are thus presented to the reader, in the humble hope,

that he will not think the time has been altogether uselessly passed away, during the visit we have made to that singularly interesting and impressive burying place. — The old churchyard of St. John.

Chapter V.

Setting forth some of the curiosities of Nuremberg, and the wonderful productions and doings of the Schön Brunnen.

Amongst the many interesting things that command attention in this old town, one is grievously puzzled which to select as coming next — in order of distinction; and on sitting down to resume this little book, I found myself much in the perplexed condition of a child in a toyshop, but on reviewing the whole, I am at length brought to agree with my friend Dr. Cornelius Klopfer (to whom at a future time I hope to introduce the reader) that the castle and its mysterious history, the Rathhaus with its dark dungeons and still darker doings; the many picturesque

private dwellings in the town: its peculiar and interesting old towers; its collection of paintings and wondrously beautiful engravings; its artists, poets, sculptures, and the exhibition at Albrecht Dürer'shouse near the street where his bronze statue stands; its famous old library, buildings, books, and manuscripts; its remains of stained glass, and its present renowned manufactory of that luxurious material; its toys, lead pencils, (the last confoundedly bad) and looking glasses (not much better); its cerulean blue, as much in repute all over the world in these days, as its «witz» *); eggs and other works were formerly; its rüben **), and railroads, canals and cauliflowers ***), baths and beer; its Rosenau *out* of the town, and its Schlosszwinger, Hornzwinger and all the other Zwingers *in* the town; its storks, pigeons, rats,

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*) Nürnberger Witz und Augsburger Geld
Gehen durch die ganze Welt.

**) Their or the name applied generally to what we call Carrots Turnips Beet root etc. here distinguished as yellow white or red "*rüben*". — They are often of immmense size.

***) Nuremberg cauliflowers were celebrated by some of our earlier English poets: and their fame still endures.

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and jackdaws, and the numerous ugly grey cats that sit and look at them; its history generally, and its chocolate in particular; its infallible coffeecup oracle; beautiful and attendant priestesses die Kaffeeschwestern; its sauerkraut, bratwürste, punch, and lebkuchen; all sink into comparative insignificance, before its eminently remarkable, memorable, ancient, and wonderful spring, known as the Schön Brunnen!

This celebrated Brunnen, which is placed at the north west corner of the principal market, forms one of the chief «lions» of the town; and more than one travelling moonsnuffer may there occasionally be seen, under the grimacing custody of a valet de place. — I have one in my recollection just now, who with coat thrown open at the breast, a round low crowned hat set rakishly on his head, one hand assisting, by means of an eyeglass, his apparently defective vision, the other being thrust into his waistcoat pocket; and balancing his interesting form upon a pair of widely distended legs, was scanning with compressed lip, and upturned chin, its fair and beautiful proportions. About these however he evidently understood as little as he did of its name, which he most infelici-

tously persisted in designating (as he read) the «schon» — instead of the «schön» — brunnen. It was in vain the poor valet tried to improve his pronunciation and intelligence; it would not do — and he shortly turned away from what he was satisfied was «only» a spring, to a much more complimentary survey of his own «handsome» proportions, and, as it would seem incapable of knowing or caring any thing further about the matter. To my exceeding comfort I discovered he was *not* an Englishman; and this opportunity shall be embraced to inform my friend Mr. Bell and other members of the Zoological society, that the interesting class of mammalia whom for the sake of Zoological distinction we will call *die Mondschnauber*, is *not* confined to our island and its dependencies; the specimen, some of whose antics are here recorded, having been imported from Paris, the place of its birth; where, it is said, multitudes of these little creatures are to be seen. It is believed however should the society be desirous of adding one to their collection, a stuffed specimen may be met with in Regent street, any fine afternoon between the hours of 3 and 6. The schön — Brunnen — mind the dotted ö — is not-

withstanding the nil admirari of the before-named tribe, justly renowned as a work of art throughout this country — it is a niched and tabernacled gothic monument of stone, about 60 feet high and terminating in an apex of foliage. The compartments are filled in with an odd assemblage of statues placed in a most Christian spirit of toleration without any regard to name, country, or creed. Those for instance in the upper portion, represent moses, and the prophets — strange, they should be suffered to occupy so high a place, seeing that the jews have ever been much disliked in this neighbourhood. The inferior division of this chiselled canopy, contains the figures of seven Electors of Germany together with Godfrey of Bouillon, David, and Alexander; Charlemagne, Joshua, Clovis, and Hector; Judas Maccabeus and Julius Caesar. Formerly it was in part painted and gilt, but having been removed, buried, or otherwise lost sight of during some of the periods of commotion which so fatally disturbed this country, but little trace of this latter embellishment remains. It was subsequently discovered, repaired, and restored as it at present stands to charm the eye of every one *but* a moonsnuffer with its elegant form and

beautiful proportions. — It is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing cast in 1586 by Paul Kron, and on which the Lamb mobile, the once proud cognisance of Nuremberg is still to be seen.

Since the days of Abraham's celebrated embassy to the city of Nahor in Mesopotania, wells, springs, and fountains have ever been notorious gossiping places. — No wonder then that *this* should possess the attribute of being the principal oracle of news and events of every kind in this primitive town. Ask where the last weather prophecy came from? — or the newest piece of scandal? — or the account of the last robbery? — or where it was arranged: ask the best place to buy sucking pigs? — the finest canary birds? — the best roasted sausages? — the fattest pigeons? — the whitest Laufer bread? — and the most luxuriant flowers: ask where the last Verlobung was planned? — where the news of the last «mishap» came from? — where such a girl found a sweetheart? — where such another lost one? — there can be but *one* reply! — All things good, bad, and indifferent: subjects of joke and earnest — of sorrow and of joy: news of pleasure and of pain, of merriment and misery — re-

ports evil and good — of virtues and of sins — of births, deaths, and marriage festivals — of things past, present, and to come — as well as of others which are *not* to come — of things that have not been, are not, and *never can be* — all, all these, together with smiles, tears, and the very best water, flow from the manifold and active embouchures of this extraordinary spring: — and to crown the whole, when the inquisitive children enquire where their last «little brother comes from?» the answer is still the same, «es ist ein Geschenk von dem schönen Brunnen». — It is a present from the Beautiful fountain!

By this time you are probably convinced that the variegated treasures in the pocket of Peter Schlemihl's old friend in the grey coat, are nothing, compared with the inexhaustible productions of this fruitful spring — indeed it is much to be lamented that Chamisso never once thought of bringing Peter to this miraculous shrine, for had he done so, no doubt can be entertained but that he might have found a «shadow» to accompany him or something that would have answered his purpose equally well. Gifted as it is you will not be surprised to hear of its being

greatly frequented. Many and many a loving couple may be seen there at the still evening hour, when the damsels go to draw water, — standing or sauntering together hand in hand; the *long filled pitcher* borne by the «Schatz» who performs this and nameless other offices of love for the chosen fair one, whose arms might well be tired with the weight of cruse and butten they sometimes carry. — Difficult however as (to the uninitiated) the task would appear, it is astonishing with what diligent precision it is fulfilled. At a certain time, the girls may be seen issuing from the houses in all directions, each solemnly making her way to the brunnen, with a regularity and devotion similar to those of the Hindoo, in his visits to the sacred viver. — At first I was terribly at a loss to account for this periodical exactness towards an *everflowing* spring — but at length to my relief I discovered a clue; it has one peculiarity; the water runs very slowly — and notwithstanding the number of jets — and the laudable anxiety of each damsel to be early at the spring numbers must wait long for their proper turn, which is regulated according to arrival. — No doubt this is all very provoking — but their patience, though

oftentimes sorely tried, is, I have every reason to believe, wonderfully sustained and strengthened, by the files of youths, who, after the hours of labor, considerately place themselves around the brink, to aid them in the exercise of this, and the many other little virtues which they are said to possess.

It is true this is not the only fountain in the town — there is the Goose fountain by Labenwolf — the black fishy bottomed Gentleman, who sits so cruelly exposed on the Maxplatz; nearly cracking his cheeks in his violent efforts to blow the water out of an old trumpet — the beautiful bronze fountain cast by Wurzelbauer in 1580 (near the Lorenzo Kirche) and many others — but, this — this is *the* fountain, the one which your maidens will alone eulogize, the one to which they will always go; and you will probably find yourself coaxed or compelled, to use for most purposes, the interesting, prolific, and softly flowing water of the Schön Brunnen.

Chapter VI.

Anticipation, and actual impressions — places of public resort - cruelty to children! — The Hornzwinger, Schlosszwinger, Rosenau, Hummelstein, Dutzendteich, Schmaussenbuck and a few words on the Alte Veste.

Ere veaching this chapter, you have no doubt discovered, that it forms no part of my plan, to go into a formal detail of the objects to be met with here; but merely to point out those of more prominent interest, in order to induce the travelling english. more frequently to visit this stronghold of ancient gerwan art; being convinced that comparatively few amongst them know any thing abont it, how rich it is still in such remains, nor what they lose in omitting to explore it.

I can remember, as a boy, wishing to see the old town, if only to go down into the Rathhaus dungeons, and to eat some of its famous eggs; without being then at all aware, that a Nuremberg «egg» was the same kind of vegetable novelty as an English «turnip!» — and little dreaming in those light hearted days that my first examination of it

would be in order to ascertain how far it was adapted to the views, and educational requirements of a family, of which I should have the honor to be the head.

It is astonishing how unruly one's imagination becomes at the prospect of visiting any interesting and long thought of place. The approach to it, its semblance and environs are all settled comfortably enough in the mind, and form a sort of ideal panorama, in which we oftentimes indulge, until we believe it impossible that the *actual appearances* can be any other than those which our fancy has been pleased to represent! It must be confessed, fancy frequently has the best of it, and that reality dispels a much pleasanter picture than it gives, in return for the visit that has been made. I cannot say however, that it was so with respect to Nuremberg — and if, while here, you are no more wearied with it, and my society, than I was myself, there will be no slight reason for mutual congratulation.

But yet after all, as the musician once said — «the fiddle and fiddle stick are of no use, if I do not also give you my fingers». Much will depend on the spirit and, temper in which you visit such places — for

truly I have at various times both met and accompanied persons, who were very differently impressed by a ramble here, and elsewhere, than I have been — so much depends on the tone of mind, and the bias of one's observation. They have drawn comparisons between Germany and England, without reflecting that it is impossible to do this fairly. Where one has been struck by the impressive appearance of some public building, or private residence. — They have seen only the rubbish, or nuisances, which are occasionally to be met with in the garden or portal. — Where they might have been amused by some diversified group of peasantry — they only sought out the hideous aged, the squalid sick, or the dirty pauper. Where others had been charmed by balconies filled with flowers, and occasionally delighted by pretty faces — they have seen only the goître or cretinism which are to be found in most continental towns; or they have professed themselves so disgusted at inhaling the steamy fragrance of fried sausages, or garlic, as to be unable to enjoy the many objects of novelty, interest, and perhaps improvement too, which their position would otherwise have afforded them. — But such fastidious persons

deserve to starve, while others finding something to enjoy, as in a widely spread table, contrive to make an excellent, meal, in spite of the peculiarity attaching to some portions of the cookery. — Nevertheless Nuremberg, Germany, nay the very world itself is barren to him who will persist in noticing only the weeds and rubbish of the way side.

In sauntering about this town, you will probably find occasion to observe, that the Germans, in their simple recreations, have adopted some of the easiest expedients to secure, or at all events to detain for awhile if not Happiness herself, her twin sister Contentment, which for all present purposes is much the same thing; and one cannot help fancying that the reason of the general contentedness which greets the eye on all sides in this country is, that each feels and strives to act consistently with his own individual position, and though the refinements of life may not be found here in the same degree as in England; every one is generally in his place, few think of stepping out of it, and all goes on well; for while at the same time there are but few exclusive haunts of fashion and foolery, there are no aspiring ladies and gentlemen who endeavour to make themsel-

ves ridiculous by aping the manners customs and expenses of those to whom fortune, or as it is better termed, providence, has allotted, a higher sphere of life; therefore it is, the stream of society flows on smoothly, agreably, naturally; nor do I know a more pleasant sight, than is afforded by the freely mixed and kindly intercourse of all orders and conditions of men, in their open air enjoyments at the various public gardens during the finer evenings of summer.

Some of the most celebrated places of resort of this kind for the Nürnbergers, are the Hornzwinger, the Schlosszwinger, and the Rosenau in and near the town; and the Hummelstein, Dutzendteich, Schmaussenbuck, and Alte Veste at some distance beyond its walls. The two first are on the town fortifications, and occupy the scite of the Horn and Castle bastions as their names imply. The former is a long narrow slip of ground, the latter more extensive and irregular; the first has the best music, and the prettiest prospect; the second the most elevated position, for an extensive view across the plain, towards the hills of Franconian Switzerland — both however are agreable enough places; and under the shadow of their acacias and

cherry trees, one may pleasantly sit, and enjoy the refreshing, breezes at the close of a hot summers day.

The next in succession is the Rosenau — it is a holiday — let us enter. — This quick descent leads us to the island, which is the most frequented part; the bank, on three sides slope down to the water which encircles it, and the acacia, poplar, willow, and sycamore, thickly garnish its margin. — We will cross this light moorish looking bridge to the Baumsaal, beneath, beyond and partly around which, you see the usual accompaniments of tables, chairs, bowers, benches and orchestral arrangements, common to all German, and most continental gardens. To the right is the auberge, from which every thing you may desire, will be well supplied, and you will frequently hear the performance of the military band, one of the best in Bavaria, which together with your supper will not cost more than about 8^{d}. english. — Here you will meet with gentlemen, and ladies — aye Grand Dukes and Duchesses if they happen to be in the neighbourhood — men and women — boys and girls — and husbands and wives in perspective. At an earlier hour in the day you see some of the Nuremberg

infants, swathed in a most torturing manner upon a kind of hollow pillow, shaped almost like one of their «water butten» — out of which project the arms and head of the poor little innocent. The former displays the most lively emotion, but the latter is preserved in a state of complete repose, by the comforting, or stupifying, effects of some soft sugar tied up in a square of fine linen, oftentimes with gaily worked corners, and looking for all the world like a miniature plum pudding prepared for the saucepan. This is thrust into the childs mouth, who instantly begins to draw in its cheeks, and roll its eyes at you most dismally. After a time its countenance settles into a profound state of humorous stolidity, which the poor little creature retains as its characteristic expression, all the while it is made to undergo this sugary martyrdom. Besides the danger of suffocation, and the sinful misupplication of colonial produce, in a country where it is far from cheap, there is yet a worse feature in this hideous custom — for, by it, the child is subjected to the misery of a second weaning; and let the german mothers say what they will about the quieting effects of the idiotic looking «rag», it is nothing other than an unjus

tifiable piece of cruelty, both present and prospective! and no more necessary here, than it is amongst the similar editions of suffering humanity published occasionally in England.

Others — are at times to be seen, drawn about by the nursemaids in little covered waggons of wicker work. — There is one- just pull aside that green tasselled silk curtain — there lies a victim of another sort — you can only see its great round head, and goggle eyes — it is also pulling away most unmercifully at the «pudding» — but look at its face — did you ever before in your mortal life see such a color? — the little thing is evidently in a state of fusion! — even the arms, here, are not visibie — they, and the body to which they belong are smothered, melting hot as the weather is, under a huge bag of feathers! — and this is called, *in german*, «giving the child an airing» — ! !

Let us walk now round the other parts of the garden — what a variegated display of rich mantles, smart dresses, and gaudy shawls — what fluttering of ribbons and tassels, white pocket handkerchiefs, broad lace and bright linings. There you see some young

gentlemen in very wide tailed, round cornered, brown and blue coats; with yellow figured buttons; lively cravats, and chaincabled waistcoats: fond moreover of wide wristbands to turn up; narrow shirt collars to turn down, and of cultivating beards almost like birds-nests under their chin — out of the way, or we shall be run down by those three young ladies, who are chasing each other in the most playful manner imaginable, to the great edification of the afore said young Gentlemen. — Yonder is a group of junior officers, with stretched out legs, and in an attitude of much self satisfaction, staring about them, in the complacent fashion so peculiar to their order in England. — Well — it is a very innocent way of passing their time. — Near them on the left is seated another group, with sterner faces, and collars more deeply striped; these are some of the vieux moustaches — who know better. — There are some frenchmen taking wine — here, two or three Italians enjoying chocolate — now we are passing a party drinking tea such as it is in this country, cinnamon flavoured, warm, weak, white, and — sickly! — There are some thorough paced Nurembergers, doing all they can to aid the funds of the Hospital, by

means of the Bavarian beer *) renowned throughout Germany and which forms the chief beverage of all classes of the inhabitants of this town. They are now beginning to light the colored lamps; the music becomes more energetic; and, in its pauses, the conversation more lively. Visits are paid to each other's table, and many an interchange of friendly familiarity or kindly greeting takes placc here. Near the orchestra yonder, stands the Crown Prince of Hesse, son in law to the King of Bavaria — he is talking freely enough to a tall man in a straw hat, with a very fanciful waistcoat, who although one of the «long guns» of the town is certainly not one of the «great» ones. — Not far from him sits the man of whom you bought your boots this morning — and at the next table but one beyond us, is the tailor who mended your coat! — His wife — sits op-

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*) The money required to build the new Hospital, which cost about 25000 Sterlg. was borrowed of the town, upon the security of a beer tax of 1 Pfennig pr. Maas; 72000000 Maas must be drunk ere the debt can be paid off!! and thus all charitably minded Nürnbergers naturally exert themselves as far as possible to assist its liquidation.

posite — knitting — in which occupation most of the matrons seem to be engaged — he has also his two children with him a wretched, ugly half shaved poodle dog (it is the fashion to shave all the dogs here) and a large cane, highly polished, and bearing two silk tassels, and a broad, silver, mushroom shaped top. — His dingy hands, are, garnished with several rings; and a large paste brooch confines the ends of his thunder — and — lightning «tie» — but with all this, he has no desire to be taken for any thing other than he *is;* neither have those of a higher class any fear of being mistaken for what they *are not.* — Each is quietly enjoying himself in his own way, without fearing, or shunning the other. All are polite, contented looking, good natured and sociable; and so easy, quiet, and well ordered, is the conduct of most people, that without a little observation, it is, at times, somewhat difficult, at first, to distinguish the knight of the needle from the Gentleman; but I will give you one rule, which greatly influences my opinion in this particular; and although I have, it must be confessed, sometimes erred, it is nevertheless one of tolerably safe applieation. — A Gentleman will have his face and hands perfectly

clean, aud the latter, especially, free from the *broad ebony tips* which *so invariably terminate the dingy digits of the other.*

There is no situation in the moral or natural world, but has its drawbacks, and from these, even the Rosenau is not exempt. At certain times of the year, frogs and gnats abound, and their efforts to be entertaining towards each other, do not add much to one's enjoyment. The water too, is almost stagnant, and lies passive and motionless, except when disturbed by the fantastic gambols of some great carp, or the aquatic evolutions of certain pretty gondolieri who occasionally of an evening amuse themselves here. At other times, much of it is covered with a dark thick looking scum, which amidst the nautical disturbances before spoken of, regales your olfactories with any thing but civet or amber. — The situation of this otherwise very agreable garden is low; as a consequence, it is damp; and considering that not a rose tree is to be found upon it, and poetry apart, I know not whether its name might not with propriety be slightly changed from Rosenau to Fröschenau; or in plain english from «The Rosery» to «The Froggery»! —

The Rosenau proper comprises the grounds and dwelling on the left as you enter by the moorish bridge — both belong to the same proprietor, Mr. Wiss, who has in his summer residence displayed much taste in carrying out the chosen style of building. The forms, enrichments, colors, etc. are carefully adapted from the Alhambra. The arrangement is also good — not like some of the modern drawings in this character, (elsewhere to be seen) whose designers like the idler in the facetiœ Hierocles, might carry a brick to market as a specimen of their house. It is moreover appropriately furnished with all the means and appliances of oriental luxury. — The gardens are well laid out, and kept. The Rosenau here deserves its name; and indeed the whole thing, stands out to view, under the bright influence of a summer's sun, of its kind, a perfect gem!

The Hummelstein *) is about three quarters of mile begond the Spittlerthor, and at double that distance in the midst of a pine forest, on the Regensburger road, lies the

*) The Lichtenhof near this place is celebrated as the residence of Gustavus Adolphus, and Queen Christine. The rooms and furniture they used are still shewn.

Dutzendteich, or 12 ponds; the principal one, which abounds with wild fowl, and affords excellent shooting, is situated in front of the anberge, or inn, which is at certain periods much frequented; and in truth it is a very agreable place: boats await your orders; wine, milk, or beer your refreshment; and fish, your appetite. Here, you sometimes see the burnished carriage, and sleek pair of the wealthy merchant, or old patrician, drawn up side by side with the seedy Lohnkutsch, or peasant's car, whose various possessors are hard by, doing their best to enjoy the passing hour; the one, without any manifestation of pride, or undue superiority; the other, without obtrusiveness, ill behaviour, or servility: and it is probably to this blended intercourse, this daily opportunity of witnessing the good example, and quiet bearing of the better orders of society, that this country owes much of the peaceful and well conducted manners of its easily governed inhabitants, generally.

Beyond this place, on the left lies the Schmaussenbuck; a prettily wooded hill, from whose summit is obtained an extensive prospect. It was formerly the property of some merchant in the town, who spent a great sum in laying out the grounds where he fêted

His most gracious Majesty the King of all the Bavarias; who condescended to partake of his entertainment; shook hands; bade his host good bye; and shortly afterwards saw the name of the projector, in the numerous list of those kind, but misguided people, who have imprudently ventured beyond their position and means. The last of these places which need be named is the Alte Veste; its simple modern tower, eighty feet high, rising from a woody eminence may be seen for many miles round. It is situated near Fürth, whose inhabitants, as well as those of Nuremberg, have a great predilection for this picturesque place of resort; particularly on wednesdays; when if the weather be fine, you will generally find a band of music, and plenty of company.

It was round the old castle (alte Veste) whose crumbling remains still indicate its whereabonts, that Wallenstein threw up his entrenchments when menacing the good old protestant city in the distance, for which he probably designed the horrible fate of Magdeburg. — But Nuremberg found a protector in Gustavus Adolphus, who threw himself into it, and from its strong holds defied the threats of Friedland's fierce duke. The Swe-

dish troops amongst whom doubtless was Captain Dalgetty! marched out in order of battle on the 24th August 1632 — twelve times did they assault these ramparts, and as many times were they repulsed by the batallions and artillery of Wallenstein. — Night closed the combat, but decided not the victory, the armies still maintaining their respective positions — Gustavus could not renew the attack for want of his guns, which, from the first, could not be brought up, in consequence of the continued rains having rendered the roads impassable. — On the 13th September following, Wallenstein raised his camp, and leaving his watch fires burning, marched away by the Erlangen road; while the swedes not being in condition to pursue them, went by way of Windsheim and Neustadt *).

If you wish to strengthen your recollections of a skilful, ambitious, fierce, and

*) I find by some old records that the artillery which Gustavus had with him at this time was the same which had so highly contributed to his victory over the ferocious and blood thirsty Tilly at Leipzig. — It is called "Leathern Artillery„ and was invented by Capt. Robert Scot of Bawtry N. B. who was in the service of Gustavus — for a full and interesting account of this — see Harte's Hist. — G. A.

apostate soldier — they will shew you here part of the stone table on which Wallenstein was accustomed to dine. Turn we now however to a pleasanter subject of contemplation.

In 1824 a solemn service was celebrated by 20000 Bavarian soldiers — men of *both* confessions, who, free from the animosities of creed, were assembled on the plain below; and in this interesting demonstration shadowed forth the time, when ploughshares shall be formed from swords, and pruning hooks from spears, and war with its demoralizing and brutal tendencies — its scientific desolations — its bloody records of suffering and crime — be learnt by the nations no more.

Chapter VII.

The Rathhaus its Halls and pictures, dark dungeons and still darker doings — subterranean passages to the castle and Schlosszwinger. — Prisoners still there! — Die verfluchte Jungfer. — Fürth its Jews and other curiosities.

Before we return from the Alte Veste to Nuremberg let us say a few words about

Fürth. — This is an industrious and active little town with Churches, Synagogues, a handsome Town Hall, Theatre, Hospital, Cemetery, — and public walks. It contains about 16000 Inhabitants many of whom are jews. Driven out of Nuremberg by a variety of arbitrary and unchristian restrictions, most of which remain still unrepealed, some of them subsequently settled down here, bringing with them their money, and those peculiar habits of business, which lead to its accumulation; others followed — and at length through *them* Fürth, from an inconsiderable village, has become a prosperous wealthy and celebrated town, to the damage by just so much of the trade and commerce of its impolitic neighbour, whose age and experience, ought to have taught it better than to subject them as it does even down to this very day, to its blind, narrow minded, and unworthy prejudices.

All lovers of antique remains, will do well to visit the collection of Mr. Pickert. It comprises besides many interesting and valuable objects of ancient art, a good display of armour, vases, coins, and choice carvings; also various works and relics of quaint antiquity, burgher habits, or domestic

luxury, whose uses are almost unknown, and their names almost overwhelmed in the long and heavy category of modern comforts.

The Rathhaus (or Town Hall) at Nuremberg, was the last effort at building made by the old Municipal administration. Although the thirty years war, its costs, and consequences, caused it to be abandoned unfinished, it is nevertheless a monument worthy of its ancient fame. It stands vis à vis to the chancel of St. Sebald's, and the only thing which deteriorates the effect of this beautiful façade, is the immediate presence and grandeur of its opposite neighbour. It is in the italian style, 275 feet long, with three entrances, ornamented by various sculptures. It was built in 1619 by Holzschuher, who adapted his plan, so as to preserve as much as possible of the former Rathhaus, which dated in 1340. The two halls here are worth a visit, particularly the greater, whose walls are ornamented by Dürer and Weyer. The triumphal car in honor of Maximilian the first, Dürer's greatest patron; a group of musicians: and an allegorical representation of a judgment, are full of animation and life. There is also a fine old chandelier which says much for the advancement in those days of the

art of working in metal. The other hall has a curious old cieling quaintly ornamented with tilt and tournament and is, otherwise, principally remarkable for the portraits of the eminent men, to whom Nuremberg is so much indebted.

But besides the remains still to be found here of ancient german art, there are also some pretty strong vestiges of ancient german cruelty; and some of the chronicles of this old town can shew pages as dark and dreadful as any which disgrace Venetian story. Indeed at one period the from of government in some respects resembled that adopted at St. Mark. — The principal authority was vested in the hands of a few patrician families, who chose a *council of Eight*, and confided the foreign relations, finances, and general administration of the affairs of the town, to separate, *almost* irresponsible, and there — fore often arbitrary and cruel ministers: Altho' others shewed themselves in the highest degree religious, wise, and prudent in fulfilling their allotted functious, some there were, who, setting at nought every moral consideration, hesitated at nothing that might advance their own private ends, committed the most unjustifiable acts, and made free

use of both rack and torture, to stifle complaint and reduce opposition. — The existence of these and other deadly instruments, not in the lonely castle, or stronghold of some outlawed robber, but in a populous free city — the centre of a German Republic — «gives a frightful picture of the jurisprudence of the times». — Descending this broad stair case, you little think how nearly you approach the entrance to the chambers of death — but go through this low doorway — give heed to your way, and guard your light; for the steps are broken, and the draught is strong *** here is a range of dungeons; some larger, some less; but all cold, and damp, and dark as the grave ** pass on — but not too far, lest you pay the penalty of death for your curiosity ** lower your light a little ** the seats of the secret tribunal; the remains of screw and staple; the framing to which the prisoners were bound; and part of the deadly apparatus of rack and chain; indicate the torture chamber. — Once here, hope was shut out, and the poor wretches had only to pray for a speedy death at the hand of their jailors. Some of these narrow branching passages lead to the castle ditch; then bury themselves under the river;

and emerge in the forest near the Dutzendteich. — They were occasionally made use of, for the secret approach and dismission of envoys, or for the escape of the senators in the troublous times of the republic. Let us follow this **** we are now going under the Burgstrasse ** although you are sensible of a steep ascent, you will perhaps be surprised to find yourself landing presently on the castle bastion *** now we are drawing near the outlet — see, here are still some prisoners in the opposite approach to these living graves — and although not consigned either from political animosity, or private revenge, yet, in their treatment, one could almost imagine the ancient spirit of cruelty had again revived, except that these are more quickly despatched than seems to have been the case with many others who formerly occupied these doleful precinets ** sounds of mirth and melody would here seem out of place, were we not assured that it now serves as a cellar for numerous barrels of Bavarian beer!! to supply the Schlosszwinger. — It is a Gesellschaftstag — and here we will sit awhile to recover ourselves.

As soon as your eyes can bear the light, just turn them towards the castle, which

prints its bold sharp outline against the clear blue sky — it has an appearance of peaceful repose; sleeping, as it were, upon the old grey rock out of which it seems to have grown. — Quiet and unconscious as it pretends, just now, to look, I can assure you it has been a participator in some villainous doings in its time; and the proofs though of comparatively recent discovery, are still clearly traceable, of its intimate connection with the abominable cells we have lately visited; notwithstanding, like a detected and brazen old pickpocket, it now tries to look you steadily in the face, and in solemn surprise appears to say, «do you think I could ever have been guilty of such a thing?» ***

*** But while sitting here our guide is getting impatient, and as we have not yet seen all these objects of saddening interest we must prepare again to follow him. Descending, we traverse the side of the ditch surrounding the town ** here and there you perceive holes in the wall to admit a faint light into the darksome passages, and cells constructed below them ** already are we some distance from the Schlosszwinger, and must now go down under yonder dingy looking

old tower ***. Here are some lucifers ** now light your candle again, and pass cautiously on a little ** do you see any thing? — No — look once more *** never mind the casks at present hoarded there — there lies before you a deep and dismal abyss, which in other days has received the mangled body of many a victim, mostly those of rank, whom the senate had vowed to the virgin. — Not to her whom the tender and poetic bigotry of Crashaw (and bigotry was never either poetic or tender except in his instance) so enthusiastically worshipped. This was no heavenly maid, but one of earthly form, and devilish invention. Well did it deserve the name applied to it of «die verfluchte Jungfer». — He upon whom doom had been passed was secretly conveyed hither, and beguiled or forced into the embraces of a female figure placed opposite — *there* — which grasping him in its iron caress, pressed the wretched victim crushingly to its bosom; and hidden springs thus acted upon thrust forward a series of blades both sharp and long, which pierced him through and through with many wounds — the arms then relaxed; not for his escape; but only to precipitate his body, already a mass of ghastly laceration,

into the pit below, where it was received upon sharp pointed bars of steel fixed vertically at the bottom; and wheels armed with knives, and other fearful instruments, soon completed this inhuman work of secret destruction.

Though the Nuremberghers are proud, and justly so, of their fine old city — proud of its art, its doings, and ancient renown — here, their exultation receives a check; and they sigh to think of the numbers who have gone down alive into this horrible pit. — The dark habitations of cruelty, were not however confined to Nuremberg; they were found, at the period we allude to, all over the continent: and though never to a similar degree, even in our own country. — But so it ever is in the world; and if the secret history of every kingdom and town; of every family and individual; could be fairly outwritten; the vanity of the best amongst us, would find but little occasion for rejoicing.

From this tower, passages lead round the town by the ditch which encircles it — but having no disposition to visit them just now, we will return once more to the abodes and atmosphere of living men; contented not to

be obliged any longer to dwell on the appalling remains yet extant, in these dark and dismal regions of relentless cruelty.

Chapter VIII.

Some account of the old castle, and the wonderful leap across its ditch by Eppelein von Gailingen. — The mount of olives. — Heavens gate — the Heathen tower — and the old linden tree planted by the Empress Cunigunda in the 11th century. The Chapels of Ottmar and Margaret. The Town Library, its books, relics, manuscripts, and missals. — Hans Sachs — and a not irrelevant talk about the Minnesänger and Meistersänger of German poetry.

The old castle of Nuremberg, which looks down from its rock with so parental a regard towards all parts of the surrounding country, is best approached by the Burgstrasse; and if it be too steep for a continuous ascent, you can pause for a moment on «The mount of Olives», where you will see in stone, the kneeling figures of our Saviour and his sleeping disciples — or, you may rest awhile under the spreading acacias which grace its slopes — then go on between the turf crowned walls

on your left, pass under the broken linden tree and look over the parapet. You have an extensive view across the plain, towards the little university town of Erlangen, which lies embosomed amongst the distant uplands; a prettily broken outline of blue hills, (terminating with the Moritzberg), bounds your horizon; and spread at your feet lies the rich promise of harvest. On the sloping top-stone of the low wall you see hoof prints, said to have been there ever since the year 1380 — when a certain robber knight called Eppelein von Gailingen escaped from hence by leaping his celebrated black horse — Rapp — across the castle ditch, leaving behind these traces in memory of the feat! This Eppelein *), tradition has assigned as a favorite protegé of the commander in chief of the bottomless pit, who is said to have given him the steed from his own stable, in order the better to expedite the various little errands with which he had entrusted him. Notwithstanding, this, persons are not wanting, who are sceptical enough to doubt the pro-

*) Eppelein or according to his classical appellative Appolonius — though some insist that it ought to be written Apollyon! this controversy however I leave to the learned.

jectile powers of the horses hind legs; but this kind of incredulity, is nothing better than a scandalous libel upon the general veracity of tradition, which to the utter confusion of all such hereties, is, in this instance, supported by no less than three different pairs of impressions!! the fact therefore becomes not only fully established, but since the ditch was at that time *not more* than half its present width, and the animal moreover had the devil for its dam and a fiend for its rider, all ground, even for surprise at the performance, would appear to be satisfactorily removed.

That fivecornered old building of brick and stone, on your right hand, is attributed to Nero; with what propriety has been already stated. The castle itself, which is approached by the black gateway behind us, bears the traces of the middle age style of architecture, and nearly the same distribution of the principal windows is still preserved, as shewn in the old prints of the 15th century. The first thing that strikes one after passing the Himmelsthor *) on the right, is

*) It is quite worth while to ascend this tower for the sake of the view you obtain of the surrounding country.

the Heathen — tower, built, nobody knows when, or by whom, and encrusted outside with various rudely carved images of ancient saxon worship. In this tower, are the two old moorish looking chapels of Ottmar and Margaret, which you should not omit to visit. Enter now the principal, quadrangle — here are some old weapons of warfare, deeply notched and dented — there, a well cut stone figure said to represent Gustavus Adolphus — but which does not however corroborate the description given in history of the burly form and stature of this renowned champion of protestantism. — Yonder is the linden tree planted by the Empress Cunigunda in the eleventh century. Its boughs once spread a vault of green over the whole quadrangle, but its present appearance seems to correspond with the broken fortunes of the fortress it so long embellished.

The castle is believed to have been built about the latter end of the 9th century, and was altered and enlarged as suited the requirements or taste of the thirty Emperors, who during a period of about six hundred years made it more or less a place of residence. — It is impossible to regard sueh an old vestige, over a portion of which have

rolled the summers and winters of nearly a thousand years, withont uttering that broken sound which is neither word nor sigh, but which implies a deep feeling of something like reverence towards this once haughty memorial, now abandoned to silence and loneliness — the creaking of your own boots startle you as you pace its dusky chambers — all now is deserted and solitary, where sounds of mirth and feasting once were heard — rank grass covers the paved courts, where erst echoed the tramp of the war horse, and mailed knights, in polished casque and gaudy plume, moved proudly onward to the outburst of the glad trumpet note — but you perhaps will say, this is all nonsense — and if you do, I am only too polite to think of contradicting you.

Nevertheless — if he who sees the Rubicon, cannot summon around at his fancy the Roman legions — or the Spartans at Thermopylae — or the Life Guards on the spot where the last decisive charge was made at Waterloo — if he cannot when in an old castle recal its former scenes and events — or repeople its dungeons — let him keep to his snug counting house, his polished maho-

gany desk, and morning paper — for assuredly *travel* is not for *that man.*

The chapel of St. Vaubourg stands on the Freiung hard by, and is a depository for various sorts of antiquities — but remember — all is not gold that glitters — so beware how you purchase — when you have finished, we will go down the hill and see the old library.

There it is — that dark sombre looking building on the left. — It was formerly a Dominican monastery, which may perhaps account for its discontented appearance; for besides that the order to which it belonged, was the first to oppose, and the last to yield, to the progress and power of the Reformation, it has since undergone an immense change in its destiny and attributes. — Instead of benighted monks, you find illuminated manuscripts — worm eaten books, instead of holy brothers — the arts and sciences unfold their pages of light, where rolled the thick clouds and darkness of superstition — and the ignorant and selfish prior of the olden time, has yielded up his place, to the learned and warm hearted town librarian. The walls and windows were formerly adorned with representations of various edifying events in

the life of the blessed Saint Dominic, few traces of which any longer remain.

The library contains about 50000 Volumes. There are also a great number of autographs, Incunables, and choice manuscripts. Amongst the first are those of Gustavus; von Hutten, who wrote so powerfully against the Pope at the time of the Reformation, and was rewarded by banishment. — In this letter, he is congratulating a certain abbot, on his courage in renouncing celibacy, and taking unto himself a wife! There are also those of Dürer; Hans Sachs the poetical cobbler; Melanchthon; Luther etc.

Luther's drinking cup is also here; it bears the inscription:

Dat vitrum vitreo Jonae vitrum ipse Lutherus,
Ut vitro fragili similem se noscat uterque;

there are other relics of this extraordinary man to whom let the Puseo-romanists say what they will, the whole human race is so highly indebted.

Some of the Incunables and manuscripts are of great value. Amongst them are comprised the following; one half of Dürer's work on the proportion of the human figure; the other half is in the library at Dresden, whose Royal possessor it is to be hoped will

some day or other shew his good taste, and feeling, by restoring it to *its proper place* in Dürer's native town. Melanchthon's De anima, and Doctrinae Physicae; writings by Luther, manuscripts of the Bible, in latin, greek, and hebrew; together with various others in the arabic, syriac, and chinese languages, to which latter, especially as the probability is you will not understand them, you are expected to pay particular attention!

Perhaps the most valuable book here is a large hebrew manuscript, on parchment, entitled «Machsor» *), or cyclus of prayers — it was written in 1331, and contains 528 leaves, for each of which the poor outcasts from whom it was unjustly taken at the time of their expulsion from Nuremberg in 1499, have offered about a guinea. The only other, but inferior copy, is in their own possession, at Amsterdam. It is to be hoped that «good taste and right feeling» will operate also to

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*) In examining this manuscript don't forget the hint afforded by the old monk at the time of suppressing the english monasteries by Henry 8th. — He was rendering an account of the books in one of them, and coming to a hebrew manuscript, wrote thus — Item — a volume in strange characters — and which *begins* at the *end!*

the restitution of this book and who can doubt that the king of Saxony would be much moved by such an example on the part of the town!

The most interesting, *to us* at least, is a prayer book, beautifully written and embellished. — Read the inscription. — It carries us back to some unsettled and heartstirring times of England's history.

"La Livrer du Roy du France, Charles,
Done a Madame le Roigne D'engleterre„.

This lady could have been no other than Isabella the wife of Richard 2nd — or Catherine the wife of Henry 5th — who were both daughters of Charles the sixth.

Amongst the early specimens of printing, look particularly at «Durandi rationale divinorum officiorum» — Moguntiae (Mayence) by Just and Gernsheim 1459 — and when it is considered that the art of printing was only 19 years old, the beauty and clearness of that type will greatly astonish you.

A volume of satirical poetry by Hans Sachs, and in the old cobblers own hand writing too, is here. — I have no room just now to tell you any thing about it, but I must dwell a little on the subject of German poetry; because I honor and love the practise of song every where; — particularly in Germany —

above all by the German Minnesängern: and since we are at this moment in a rather infectious atmosphere, and I have hitherto written only with a view to please *you*, it will perhaps be kindly excused if I yield to the present temptation of rummaging out something, with the especial intention of pleasing *myself*. — Sit down awhile — for even through it should *appear*, what in reality *it is not* — a digression — you must confess that the dreamy quietness of an old German library, is the very place for it!

About the same period as the most celebrated Troubadours, flourished the Minnesänger of Germany, whose lyric poetry not only combined but *improved* upon all the best features of the provençal muse; and exhibits in a high degree, the superior tone of feeling which inspired the German minstrels. Without taking into account the comparative deficiencies of language at the time, or that the bounds of taste were not then so accurately defined, or the gallant spirit of chivalry so chastened or they afterwards became; it may still be said, that nothing can breathe more clearly the sentiments of pure, innocent, and tender affection than many of their little poems. — Principles were then crude, but the stream

of feeling was every where deep and strong. — Laugh if you will at the wild dreams of chivalry which appear in some of their writings; but remember! the very feelings thus awakened controlled those for whom there was then no other law; and was the commencement of that honorable courtesy, which is both the bond and ornament of all civilized society. — Laugh if you will at their adoration of the female sex; but remember! it was the opening of that important revolution in society, which fixed on a firm basis the destinies of one half of the human race. — Laugh if you will, and call *that* a folly, which transformed women all at once into goddesses; clothed them with almost supernatural purity and grace; and endued female loveliness with some thing approaching to the all powerful — but recollect! the voluntary bonds thus forged, indicated no ungentle thraldom; men felt themselves humanized they knew not how or why — and thus poetry exercised an immense influence, and became a mighty agent upon society for the production of good.

In much of their poetry you see the best illustration of the existing state of that society. The poet's worship clothed the object with an angel's form, read his destiny in her eyes,

and made the wood, plains, rivers, and flowers the witnesses and partakers of his joy. Admiration of his lady's perfections, delight in her smiles, grief at her frowns, and anxiety for her welfare, are expressed by the poet in the accents of simplicity and truth, and the charm is diversified by the attractions of natural beauty and the impassioned tones of feeling. The gay meadows, the budding groves, the breezes, and flowers, sparkle in the song and it has been truly said one cannot but «partake in the joyous hilarity with which they seem to revel in the charms of nature». Hear for a moment von Buwenberg in all the fulness of his own fond heart.

«Say what is the sparkling light before us
O'er the grassy mead, all bright and fair,
As the spirit of mirth were wantoning o'er us?
Well, well, I see that summer is there,
By the flowers upspringing, and birds sweet singing,
And animals playing: — and lo! the hand
Of Nature, her beautiful offspring bringing,
All ranged in their seasons at her command!
May heaven complete thee, thou fair creation,
For such pleasures as these are joy's true foundation».

The head reclines gently backward, the eyes close of themselves, the better to enjoy the beautiful vision, and we feel that the

sights, and sounds, and spirit of summer — are there!

Do you wish to know how they sung about May? — Turn to Count Conrad of Kirchberg (Suabia) who sang some songs in Nürnberg in the latter part of the 12th century. — Here is one breathing all the odours and delights of spring.

"May, sweet May, again is come
May that frees the land from gloom,
Children, Children, up and see
All her stores of jollity!
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide,
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youths rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye, join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!„

"Our manly youths — where are they now?
Bid them up and with us go
To the sporters on the plain:
Bid adieu to care and pain,
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light hearts gaiety,
Lovely flowers around we find

In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steep'd in May dews glowing:
Youths rejoice! the flowers are blowing!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!»

He then goes on to sing about his love, desiring her presence and promising to weave a gay garland for that «changeless spotless one», who is «better than the best, — purer than all purity» — and concludes with the usual couplet.

Youths then join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Some of these gentle poets could however handle other subjects with at least equal ability — and certain old volumes in this librarary, seem to testify that several of the Emperors of Germany attached the greatest value to the influence which, through their means, they were enabled to exercise as a counterbalance both to the superstitious ignorance of the period, and the secret machinations of papal enthralment.

Of such, perhaps, Walther v. Vogelweide was the most celebrated. He likewise, amongst other places, visited Nuremberg, during his wanderings; and we need not be surprised that the poetry and romance of these coun-

tries were so widely diffused, (even under the many apparent restraints on free communication) when we hear him tell us. — «From the Elbe to the Rhine, and thence to Hungary — from the Seine to the Mur — from the Po to the Drave have I learned the customs of mankind». — In his poems, he exposes the crafty policy of the see of Rome; gives some judicious advice to Emperors for consolidating governments; fortifies his counsel by examples; and is in all, the staunch advocate of his nation's interest and honor. — Many of them moreover are devoted to the inculcation of moral and knightly virtue; are often highly liberal and philosophic and not unfrequently of a religious and devotional character. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy land, and the feelings with which he afterwards revisited the scenes of his earlier days, are pathetically expressed, and will reach many a saddened and sorrowful spirit *).

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*) For these poetic translations we are indebted to various transcribed fragments scattered about the town. — They were extracted from some english work — but the author's name was not known, we regret not to be able to supply it, and can only offer our humble but sincere tribute to the fidelity and beauty of these, and

"Ah where are hours departed fled?
Is life a dream? — or true indeed?
Did all my heart hath fashioned,
From fancy's visitings proceed?„

"Yes! I have slept; and now unknown
To me the things best known before;
The land, the people, once mine own
Where are they? — they are here no more;„

"My boy — hoods friends, all aged, worn;
Despoiled the woods, the fields, the home,
Only the stream flows on forlorn:
Alas that change like this should come.„

"And he who knew me once so well
Salutes me now, as one estranged;
The very earth to me can tell
Of nought but things perverted, changed;„

"And when I muse on other days,
That passed me, as the dashing oars
The surface of the ocean raise,
Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores.„

He died a in 1240 aged about 50 years, and was buried under a linden tree near the Minster at Wurzburg — where, should you travel that way, and your taste lead to any enquiry, you may learn other interesting particulars connected with the appearance and

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indeed of all that we have seen by the same able hand.

*

transit of this bright star of early german poetry.

Nuremberg is also said to have been visited by Henry of Meissen, (the last of the Minnesängers) who was buried at Mayence in 1318. He was surnamed Frauenlob, from the especial praise he bestowed on the ladies; and well might they lament, as they did, his departure — for in his tomb the spirit, not only of german, but all poetry made its bed of repose, until again called forth by the powerful wand of Avon's sweet Magician.

After these sons of song came the Mastersingers — degenerate throughout in feeling, taste, and spirit — ever anxious, yet all unable, to clothe themselves with the ancient glory. From the time of Frauenlob, the cultivation of german poetry devolved almost exclusively on them. But it had a singular misfortune — it was put on a level with the mechanical arts, and at last, oh ye ghosts of Minstrel and Troubadour! positively became one of the *incorporated trades* in all large cities!! at this time Nuremberg was the very german Athens of poetry. Hans Foltz the Meistersänger and Barber, who

shaved and sung here in the earlier part of the 15th Century, was amongst these celebrated Rhymers (poets we dare not call them). — None of them however can vie with Hans Sachs the shoemaker. He was born in the year 1494 the house is still shewn (S. N°. 969.) and after picking up a little latin and greek at one of the free schools, he learnt shoemaking. During this time he was instructed in the rudiments *) of the Meistergesänge, and, in his 20th year, having composed what he calls a «goodly song», he was decorated with the usual silver chain, and badge, representing king David playing on the harp,

*) To give some idea of what these were. — The poems of the Meister Singers being always lyrical and actually sung to music, rules were given for their formation. — A Poem was to be called a "Bar„ and divided into 3. 5. or more Gesetze or Stanzas — these again into 3. satz — the first of which was a Stole, the second an Abgesang, the third a Stole, and these of different rhymes too numerous and troublesome to transcribe. — These Incorporated Poets! were cruelly prohibited from employing sentences which people could not understand! — or words without meaning!! which rules, together with others equally unfeeling, you may see in the 4th and 5th articles of the Nuremberg Tabulatur.

and thus admitted to share in the honors to which he had so long aspired.

Hans was very partial to narrative poetry, and poetry satirical — but his renown was founded upon his plays and farces, some of them in seven acts, which in our opinion speaks much for the exemplary patience of the Nurembergers! In the 77th year of his age he «took stock», and found that his works filled 30 folio Volumes, all written with his own hand — and consisted of 4200 mastership songs, 208 comedies, tragedies and farces, 1700 fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems, and 73 devotional, military, and love songs — total 6181 pieces great and small! He died, full of years and honor, in the year 1576 — having spun out more rhyme than was ever produced by any other man, Lope de Vega alone excepted. — The grave of Hans, is to be found in St. Johns Church yard N°. 503. — He is gone — but his fame outlived him, faded, and revived again; and reprints extracted from 3 massy folios published in 1558 — 1561 have even, within the last few years, been made of some portions of his works. — His humour is far from contemptible, he laughs, and will make you laugh too; and as far as verse can be com-

pared with prose his style is not unlike Rabelais, less grotesque perhaps, but at the same time (though coarse enough) less coarse.

This chapter has somehow or other spun itself out much farther than was intended — and we have lingered long in this old library — but the truth is we like old libraries — we like to wander amidst dusty shelves of venerable books, mouldy manuscripts, and black looking portraits of ancient authors — we like the stillness — we like the solitude — we like to handle the reverend old books, in some of those «half dreamy moods of mind when one naturally steals away from the noise and care and confusion of every day life, to indulge our reveries and build our castles undisturbed». — Our present stay however must be no longer protracted; yet ere we take leave of these monastic chambers, you must see the old globe of John Schoner 1520. — You will perhaps be surprised to find the passage through the isthmus of Panama, which has cost our navigators so much fruitless labor (again) to discover, is clearly laid down on it! Geological changes must have played posterity some sad tricks since that time, although it is certainly consoling to know that it must have been

there! — «The figure is already in the stone, the sculptor only brings it to light» and so to our comfort, we may be satisfied with the assurance that the north west passage is really still *somewhere* thereabouts, although we are no longer skilful enough to find it.

If you are curious in these matters you should pay a visit to the family Behaim, where you will see a globe of a still earlier date, 1492. Finished 'ere America was discovered, it is remarkable that this old globus, exhibits an island called «Antilia», usurping the place of the subsequently discovered continent. — Martin Behaim, who constructed it, was a native of Nuremberg, whence he travelled to Portugal, and afterwards went out as Stadthalter of the island of Fayal, one of the Azores. — He made many voyages on and from the western coast of Africa; and even went so far as to encourage a pretty general accusation here, of having actually made the *first* discovery of America; but as he, though a good christian, seems to have died without confessing this atrocity, there is every reason to believe that the charge is unfounded! Certain however it is, that he was personally acquainted with Columbus; that according to the Archives both of Por-

tugal and Nuremberg, he possessed great knowledge of astronomy, geography, and navigation; and that his opinion and counsel, were sought and obtained by those, to whom the great navigator offered his services.

One word with the town authorities before we quit this old building, — do they consider the library worthy of preservation? it is a question we have put to ourselves hundreds of times, since we first took an interest in its dusky chambers, and reverend folios — but look below — here in the cloisters are the skeletons of booths, light framings, thin boards, and various other means and appliances, of something very like a carpenters shop, and all these combustibles are disposed as conveniently as may be, for the purposes of conflagration! — the ashes of a carelessly emptied pipe, or the end of a relinquished, cigar, might easily set the whole in a blaze, and the tender anxieties of its appointed Guardians, be for ever set at rest, by the utter destruction of the Public Library! —

Chapter IX.

Old houses in Nuremberg. — The Theatre, and the way in which ladies must go there! — Music. — Museum-concerts. — Peculiar customs. — Gout diploma. — Punch, and Lebkuchen, a feast for the gods!

In walking about Nuremberg you will see many old houses, of strikingly picturesque outline and character; and the effect of a moonlight ramble through the deeply shaded streets, will be found as impressive as the eye of an artist can desire. The residences more particularly worth noticing are the Nassauer Haus, by the Lorenzkirche. — The house of Albrecht Dürer (S. N°. 376.). The house of Pilate (S. N°. 439.). The house (S. N°. 95.) occupied in 1630 by Wallenstein, and by Piccolomini in 1649. — Peller's house (S. N°. 763.) built in 1600 by a Venetian architect after the model of one in the square of san Marco. — The Schildhaus (S. N°. 649.) which contains the chapel wherein was signed the Golden Bull that settled, as far as might be, the long existing difficulties in the election of the German Emperors — and Tucher's

house (S. N°. 1304.). This last was built about the middle of the 15th Century by one of the ancestors of the present family, after his return from Palestine. It is in a mixed style of Gothic, and Oriental, and is of interest to architects. There are many others worthy your attention, with spacious court-yards, rich carvings, etc., whose claims are well supported by a good old age, and go wherever you may you will meet with some of these. They have as many holes and turnings as a rabbit warren; and one almost expects to see the old possessors, in ruff and doublet, start up before us, while exploring, the broad staircases, gloomy passages, halls and chambers, of their former abodes.

There is a good theatre here, where, (the director's fondness for Donizetti's music apart), you may generally pass an agreable evening. We are accustomed to look to Germany as the great fountain head of all that is classical in harmony and combination. — If some of the compositions of this country, abound with heavy learning, they are nevertheless *pure;* and then Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelsohn, Spohr, and many other of their great masters, have shewn them how legitimate harmony, and beautiful melody, can

travel together in most felicitous companionship. Amidst the deep regard we feel towards german music, as including all that art can desire or teach, it was with no slight emotion of surprise we found in several parts of Germany the compositions of the Italians so deeply in favor; and of those, the worst in that emasculated school — Donizetti!

With the treasures of music that Germany possesses — works developing the highest order of beauty, and the strongest internal power; a power which stirs within him the spirit of the most obtuse and sluggish listener — that with *such* works — and *so* educated, its people can sit down and calmly endure conglomerations divested both of technical correctness, and vital excellence, must ever be a most perplexing fact. — But the policy is to be doubted and deplored too, which sets before an audience, works deficient in themselves, and thereby calculated to mislead young hearers, in forming a true estimate of music. — There are some things at which neither gods nor men can contain themselves — and this is one! — Perhaps however after all the germans only exhibit Donizetti, as the spartans did their intoxicated slaves, to shew their children what they should *avoid*. Let

us hope it is so — though for our part, we candidly own the difficulty we find in out-facing his pieces, and generally contrive to make our escape, not being sensible of any such gross irregularity in our own conduct, as to render it necessary for us to anticipate in this life, the torments of purgatory!

The orchestra at the theatre here comprises about 40 musicians with a capital leader, and their part of the business is always executed with precision and effect. The admission to the parterre is 24 Kreutzers (8^{d}). — Ladies can come and go unattended, except by their maid servants, who generally fetch them home when the performance is over.

One bright and lovely moonlight night, we observed three young damsels, each with a huge lanthern and two candles, solemnly preceding a trio of ladies who lived hard by our residence. — Our philosophy was thereby greatly puzzled — for the distance was short, the night was clear, and there could be no danger of losing their way. Then the personal attractions of the illuminated fair, were not, in our humble opinion, sufficient to justify any very serious apprehensions of violent abduction. — What could it all mean? Philosophy would be gratified, and so curiosity

kindly enquired. — You would never guess the reply. — It is a police regulation! and every lady who goes out of an evening must be accompanied by a candle or a cavalier. — Why? asked we deferentially — because otherwise there is no redress in case of insult! — The whole german vocabulary, gives no more serviceable monosyllable, than the one that escaped from us at this explanation — it is only a little word — but by the mere inflexion of voice, it may be made to express almost *any* emotion. We could only utter, — *So!* — and the reader is at liberty to give it any emphasis he pleases ***. Here then was the mystery cleared up; and it must be highly flattering to the wisdom of this police regulation, that every gentleman, thus possesses the comforting assurance, of his protective influence being at all events equal to a couple of candles — and that every scoundrel knows where he may seek and find — impunity!

The principal concerts are given in the museum, where you may occasionally hear some of the Vienna or Berlin artistes, on their periodical migrations. — This building is like all other museums — there is à tolerably spacious entrance — plenty of smok-

ing rooms (which must always come first in German category), there is a brilliand room, where they smoke too, and a card room where they smoke too — eating and drinking rooms, with a great many round tables in them — and there they smoke too — there is a wide staircase leading to a well decorated ball room (where they *don't* smoke) with anti rooms, supper rooms, cloak rooms, and all the necessary adjuncts. — There is moreover a reading room, well supplied with German periodicals and papers — amongst others Galignani's Messenger. — It contains also some green enamelled oblong boxes, half filled with sand and sawdust, of which the use (since they dont smoke in this room either) will by most englishmen be scarcely understood — but this is not to be wondered at, since many even amongst the better educated of the Germans who frequent this apartment, seem to be *equally unconscious of their destination*, and therefore profusely dispense the contributions they are intended to receive — *upon the floor!!*

Chaque pays a sa guises — and one or two of those connected more particularly with Nuremberg where, old customs abound; — cannot but be interesting. Altho' you pro-

bably understand something of the language of flowers, you may not be aware that here, people endow with equal aptitude of expression, grain, or even cut straw — for example.

A Youth courts a maiden, who, in the end, spite of all his coaxing — jilts him — the people who consider it their privilege to offer such attentions assemble together, on the morning of the young lady's wedding day, and kindly endeavour to compensate his disappointment, by sprinkling cut straw before his door, doubtless with the charitable intention of returning him all his « *Chaff* ». — On the other hand when a youth has had the fortune to escape the toils of some unskiful netting girl, only to become the victim of another more expert, oats are strewed from the residence of the bridegroom to that of the disappointed and disconsolate fair one, by way, it is supposed, of strengthening her patience for further undertakings, in the opportunity it affords of counting the grains between door and door — sometimes, in either case, these consolations are pleasantly varied, and a *basket* is obtained instead, whereby the Germans indicate that encouraging kind of success, classically termed in Eng-

land *getting the sack!* — If however the course of true love — notwithstanding Shakspeare — *should* run smoothly; then, scattered flowers before each dwelling, gracefully announce in language eloquent, though mute, the united happiness of two fond hearts; while intermingled evergreens as powerfully express the wishes for its duration. This last and beautifully poetic custom is with some little variation, common throughout Germany. — But until this blessed point be arrived at, they have to go through a pretty severe ordeal in the shape of tickets, certificates, caution money, and a variety of vexatious forms, with which, many of the poorer classes in the country, being unable to comply, live in a state of covert concubinage. The difficulties thrown in the way of marriage are laughable enough compared to the ease with which it is dissolved — and which must and does at times, lead to much social confusion and wretchedness. The Germans laugh at the idea of the strictness of sunday in England. It is a day on which few of these people object to do *all*, or *any manner of work*; and is strangely contrasted with their rigid observance of certain, *feast days*, and other ordinances of *men*. — We speak par-

ticularly of protestants; whose apparent inconsistences, in this respect, are hard to be understood. English residents abroad, look back with pleasure to the easy maintenance of the day, amidst the gentle influence of moral and religious example, and the happy quiet of an english town; but it is comparatively difficult to keep it in one's own *shut heart*, amidst the sights and sounds of *more* than every-day mirth and revelry, and many of our countrymen are thereby gradually seduced into an utter disregard of the sabbath, and do and say *abroad*, what they would never think of saying and doing, *at home*.

Some of the customs here, legal, agricultural, domestic, and above all ceremonial, would appear, (to *our* eyes at least) to be capable of much alteration and improvement. But they, however palpably inconvenient, are still fondly clung to, with a grave pertinacity, equal to that of the ancient monk; who, in the service of the Mass, obstinately persisted in chaunting «mumpsimus» instead of «sumpsimus»; and on the mistake being pointed out said, «it might be all very well — but he had sung it so for five and forty years, and should not change *then*, having *no liking to new fashions*»! —

Others however present a different view of the national character, and exhibit much kindly feeling for the comfort and health of their neighbours. — Here especially (as in Austria) you cannot sueeze, without receiving a volley of good wishes for your well being. — About the time of dinner they are not contented, as in the more sophisticated parts of this country, with wishing you «*guten appetite*» — they know, *that* might exist, where there was nothing to eat — «*recht wohl zu speisen*», is the much more sensible compliment, followed after dinner by another which reminds us of Shakspeare's «good digestion». — But this is in truth a most complimentary old town. Go where you will; to a shop or picture gallery; pay a visit of formality or friendship, buy a bouquet or a pound of cherries from an old market woman, «wohl nach Hause zu kommen» is ever the parting word — and folks, knowing the discomfiting effects of a «bad night», gracefully conclude their daily compliments by «Ich wünsche Ihnen recht wohl zu schlafen» — their first enquiry the next morning, being to ascertain whether their good wishes towards you were fulfilled.

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The tone of society, if not so refined as in many other towns, is at the same time less artificial: not but that you may observe something of the workings of the mercantile spirit, which producing, a little more wealth leads also to a little more contention amongst the ladies, *on high days and holidays*, in regard to the chamelion-like property of *changing color* every time they appear in public! altho' when once *a husband* is obtained, it is said to be a standing rule amongst many of them, *when at home*, to attend to personal niceties and dress *no more!* — It is even whispered that some of the young ones suffer from the effects of this example — it may be so — we know not — or if we do, it is at all events *a secret*, and therefore we can not tell *you!* —

Of one thing however rest fully assured; you will find the inhabitants polite, considerate, kind hearted, and hospitable; but display will in no degree serve you. The Germans know better than to estimate you either by your dress, equipage, or bankers book. — With your head and heart in tolerably good condition, a quiet manner, and freedom from conceit or presumption, you will find them, anxious to render you every assistance,

always ready to sympathise with you on all occasions wherein sympathy can avail, and fully sustaining the character bestowed upon them by one of their oldest authors, of, «the good hearted people of Nuremberg». Indeed this is a truth which the writer is bound most warmly to acknowledge. Go where he may — never, perhaps, in the whole course of his life, can he experience from others more of the kindly feelings of human nature, than he has found here — nor entertain a deeper regard for any of his brethren of mankind, than he does for some of the inhabitants of this primitive old town.

The custom of sledging in winter is pretty much the same as in other parts of the country. A train of gay vehicles, with figure heads resembling the prows of the old roman galleys, (well remembered as illustrating the task of many a school boy) gaudy trappings, outriders, and gay caparisons of every sort and color; which together with the varied music of the bells as the sledges glide over the frozen snow, impart an additional interest and liveliness to the scene. The only disagreable appendage is the fellow astride on the hinder part, (which projects to form a seat). He carries a long thonged, heavy

whip, which, say the Germans, Er muss knallen, dass unsere Ohren warm werden *), and it must be confessed, the efforts towards this object, are loud and earnest, though it appears to be of very difficult accomplishment, for his labors commence at «starting», and cease not 'till the party are again «at home»; — and therefore if not altogether an impossibility to warm, in this way, a pair of german ears, it is, at all events a terribly, tedious and uninteresting piece of business. — But this nuisance is fully compensated by what follows. On returning the gentleman who drives, claims of the lady «Schlitten recht», — which, notwithstanding it is universally recognised, cannot always be obtained without a struggle from some of the younger debtors. Indeed their apparent reluctance in conceding it, is so great, that it never seems to be willingly *given*; and therefore, like the stahl mate at chess, it always has to be *taken* — but even then — much *dishonest* resistance frequently ensues, and all such juvenile offenders should be solemnly admonished, to follow the example of quiet and edifying resignation, afforded by the con-

*) He must crack 'till our ears burn again!

duct of their elder and more experienced sisterhood on these occasions.

Certain people here confer an amusing celebrity on those who although actually subjects of, and visited by that renowned Empress, Podogra! are too reserved or modest to acknowledge the honors to which they have attained. — The distinction alluded to comes to them in the shape of a Gout Diploma in which after many serio-comic upbraidings of the various evasions so often resorted to, and the disloyal refusal to recognise her widely extended sway, they are formally and publickly admitted to the priviliges and rights of citizenship; first being adjudged the penalty of pressing out ten pounds weight of pebble stone oil, in stiff leathern shoes, hobnailed, and lined with the skin of a hedgehog!! *).

The means adopted by the Nurembergers to give notice in case of fire, are simple and effective. Watchers are stationed at the Weisser Thurm, the Laufer Schlagthurm, the Lorenzkirche, and the Sebaldkirche. These

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*) Vide "Chapters on Germany". — Bentley. — wherein appears a full translation of this amusing document. It is far too long to repeat here.

are on the look out day and night; and each displays a lanthorn from that side of the tower or steeple in whose direction a fire makes its appearance. As we have already stated, the town is divided into four districts. When a fire takes place in either of those; trumpets are blown by the «watchers» and if it burn in the Egydien district — each bell sounds at short intervals — once — if in St. Sebald *twice* — in St. Lorenz *thrice* — and St. Jakob *four times.* If in the Liberty beyond the walls, it is varied accordingly — a general rendezvous is appointed, where the proper parties always assemble, and thence repair to the spot where their assistance is required. The first supply of water, is obtained by means of large copper vessels, fixed on sledges, which may be observed at different parts of the town. These are always kept full, and are conveyed to their destination by the proprietors of the various livery stables, who by virtue of their licences, are bound to render immediate aid on these occasions. Drummers parade the streets beating the «Reveille» — every householder is expected to hang out a lamp to illuminate the darkened streets — the *still (?)* watchers are shouting — hurrying footsteps are thronging

past — a body of military keeps the ground and all are quickly on the alert and cooperating for the protection of life and property, their efforts towards which are always prompt, and mostly successful.

Amongst other customs or habits however we hope to be forgiven for noticing especially *one* — since we allude to it in no unfriendly or obtrusive spirit, but only in the hope of inducing its consideration and abandonment. You are in society — sitting near ladies — *young ladies* too — some *trivial* circumstance is mentioned. — Ach Gott. — Grosser Gott. — Allmächtiger Gott. — Herr Jesu — and similar expressions are painfully frequent during the recital, and fall upon an english ear with a rasping and distressing effect which cannot be described; for independently of the *irreverence we* attach thereto, it is *a habit* which amongst *us* is only to be found in the *lowest*, not to say the most depraved, of the poorer classes. — This however exists to an immense extent, not only in Nuremberg, but also in other german towns we have visited, and you find it also grievously prevalent, even amongst children of the tenderest age. Now although no irreverence be thereby intended, the example

would seem to go far to weaken the impressiveness of *the very first element of religious instruction*; and therefore it is to be hoped that good sense, right feeling, and feminine delicacy, will all combine to banish a style of exclamation, utterly indefensible, unnecessary, doubly repulsive when proceeding from young and pleasant lips, and about which, either in *young* or *old if once reflected upon*, there cannot be a second opinion.

We will close this chapter with a glance at a more agreable usage; vizt, the occasional distribution of punch and lebkuchen; and we think we do not hazard too much, in saying, that possessing these, the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus need no more excite your longing. Their punch is mild, perfectly innocent, and unless the old pagan's *) maxim be violated,

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*) See Anacreon (odes 57. and 70.) whom we ventured the other evening to put into an english dress. If you are not pleased with the change, do not lay the blame on the punch with which we afterwards rewarded ourself — however ill bestowed it may have been.

Fritz — why sit we idly here
Kellner — hither! do ye hear!
Tell the wirthin's pretty daughter,
To bring in some boiling water,

a transgression not often witnessed in good german society, there is no headache at the bottom of the bowl. Unlike us however, the Nurembergers, use neither green tea, rum, brandy, nor lemons; yet never was better punch brewed than you meet with here — and as for the ambrosial accompaniment *** but stop — you have not yet told us how to distil the nectar! — *** dont be impatient, and you shall presently have a recipe for *both* — meanwhile, we must turn to some other matters which still claim our attention; only recommending you, should you drink punch at the hotels, or indeed any where

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Green tea — rum — brandy — lemons too,
And lumps of sugar, not a few,
In a great and mighty bowl
That we may quench our thirsty soul —
August, Heinrich, Carl, invite
For we will drink some punch to night.
Yet tho' we fill onr glasses high
For friendship, or because we're dry,
(Or any other reason why,)
We will neither rant, nor roar,
Nor drink till we can drink no more.
If Love walk in — we'll not disown him,
If Care — by Jove we'll quickly drown him,
Yet amidst the friendly bowl,
Temperance shall rule the soul.

else, devoutly to *avoid* the use of «Punsch-Essenz» — *unless you wish to qualify your mortal «corpus» for a german inquest, and an assured verdict of «death by poisoning»!*

Chapter X.

Schools, pictures, and various works of art. — Curiosities, gastronomic, and mechanical — with other matters of interest to the reader.

It is no slight praise to say that the Gymnasium and Polytechnic schools of Nuremberg are amongst the best in Bavaria; a country renowned for its educational arrangements. This Gymnasium was founded in 1526 and Melanchthon whose statue stands in front of the building, was at a subsequent period, called in to aid its reorganisation. It is composed of ten classes, and has about 500 scholars. The instruction is principally classical; and religious *lessons (!)* are given by protestant or Romanist clergymen as the case may be. *Parents here*, scarcely ever think of imparting this *themselves*, but consign their

children to it as to any other *lesson*, and consequently, although *the memory* is at times impressed, *the heart* remains too often unimproved, untouched, unappealed to, in this the highest and most important branch of all human instruction.

The system of education is strict, the school is admirably mastered, the arrangements good, and the progress of the pupil tho' rather slow, is sure, and abiding. As such it recommends itself to all english parents who are seeking for their children an education, combining both economy *) and excellence.

The Polytechnic school, is equally good in its way, and deserves an equal eulogium. It is divided into six classes and the number of pupils is sbout eleven hundred. It is in connexion with a well conducted artists academy, likewise in this town. Besides these there is the Merchants school with about (400) boys, and for which a handsome stone build-

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*) The cost is not above five pounds a year including books, etc. — House rent, living, furniture, and servants are cheaper here than we have quoted in "Heidelberg„ (see page 40.) and the markets are larger, and better supplied except in the article of fruit.

ing has lately been erected opposite the theatre.

There are many pictures here, but as I have neither space nor inclination to describe them I shall merely tell you where they are to be found. The Moritzkapelle by Sebald's-church contains some — the castle a few more — and the Landauer Gallery the largest collection. — Many of these are by the old German Masters, before they were acquainted with the works of the italian school; and therefore display the progress of comparatively unaided art in this country. They moreover form an interesting page in the history of painting; and in them the old German character is fairly out written before you. Some of the best, however, have been translated to Munich, though the usual good taste of His majesty may we think in *this* instance be questioned. The Nurembergers lamented greatly the departure of their favorites, notwithstanding the King graciously favored the town, to which they belonged, with *Copies* instead. — It is said they feared for the health of the originals amidst the fogs of Munich; but it must be confessed, they do not appear to have suffered by the change, and the affection which some years ago led

to their abduction has lodged them in a palace, and still exists to watch over and preserve them.

Nuremberg is like an old curiosity shop. — Jewels of silver and jewels of gold — old musical instruments *) — models, carvings, and fragments of ancient armour — medals, coins, and antique furniture — works in ivory, glass, wood, and stone — are profusely mingled, together with various other objects of art, beautiful old engravings, etchings, paintings, tapestry, castings, quaint household relics, and numerous specimens of every kind of workmanship, taste, and skill, of other and earlier times.

Without some information however you will scarcely know how to set about seeing them. For your convenience therefore a list is offered in the appendix of such matters and things most worthy of notice.

But besides these; the lebkuchen wider than the pavement in Regent street! and the various old mechanical contrivances, of eggs, clocks, and other wonders, we must not forget

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*) It may not be generally known that the first clarionette was here invented in 1690 — by John Christopher Denner.

to mention one of a different kind, for which Nuremberg is still, though no more in so great a degree, famous. This was a huge gastronomical specimen, exhibited here in the year 1624, a monster sausage, or black pudding about 300 feet in length!! — This being gaily bedecked with ribbons and flowers, was on the butcher's feast day, borne through the streets, to the great terror of the porcine race, who are represented with agonised features, scampering off in all directions, amidst symptoms of the liveliest horror; their tails curling most distractedly, and their whole mass of blood evidently turned, at the sight of this fearful procession!

Chapter XI.

A glance at German Philosophy; and scattered thoughts thereupon; together with something epigrammatic.

Reason let loose, like Phaeton in proud sway
Inflames the region, and misguides the day,
'Till the Usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to illume the world;

Would — be — imperial Reason, by the blow
Not kill'd, but chastened, and confined *below.*

Of all the numerous causes which are now combining to swell the trunk of the deadly Upas-tree of Infidelity, German Rationalism is the main spring and root: inasmuch as while it teaches to reject the evidences — deny the truths — ridicule the doctrines — and to regard the whole system of Christianity as a contemptible fraud — it thus strives to divest it of all that renders it important to man whether he be a believer or not.

The subject is as stupendous as it is important and would not have been referred to at all in these limits, but from the consideration that having previously recommended a German education, english parents, mistaking or undervaluing its dangers, might be induced to send their sons to this country, whence they would receive them again «well up» perhaps, in classic lore, or the usual sciences involved in the Polytechnic courses; but with their religious principles, probably warped, perverted, weakened, — if not *totally destroyed.*

How much of this arises from the system of conveying religious instruction — the ab-

sence of *all* religious instruction *) — the lax observance of the sabbath day — or the inculcation of the confused and various dogmas of many of the University professors to whom the youth of Germany are taught to look for direction and example, we stop not now to enquire. — It is enough for the present purpose to point to the *result*, which need not surprise us, when we read the unrefuted testimony of one of their Christian writers **); since which time the shades have fallen deeper and more thickly still. No one can reside long in Germany without finding his experience fully corroborative of this gloomy picture, whose darkest shadows undoubtedly arise from the perversion and denial of scriptural truth; and against which, english parents cannot be too frequently and, too earnestly warned. It is remarkable that this reckless system should have been chiefly re-

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*) The omission of all and every religious instruction is even, by some, advocated. Ideas of God and the great end of human life, are no more to be impressed on the tender minds of children; teach them every thing else but *leave this* till your child is of age to choose for itself *what* religion it will follow!!

**) See a quotation in Krummacher's. "Elijah„ p. 221.

vealed and matured in later times. He, who as some of us *still foolishly* believe, tempted Christ in the wilderness, was as daring in intellect, as strong in rationalism, as powerful in argument, as deep in sophistry, and moreover as anxious for the preservation of *his* system, as any of *these* can be, some of whom might well observe the striking example of that first speculative philosopher — for although he, as they, wished to make scripture disprove itself, he nevertheless used it as his principal weapon; and though in its application he *tried* to *pervert it*, he plainly shewed he *dared not deny it.*

With the highest respect for the *Intellect* of Germany, we confess, in common with most englishmen, to entertaining none for its *Religious Philosophy.* It is quite possible that with the *talents of an angel*, a man may be *a fool* — and this is in the greatest degree manifested when be endeavours by the shallow line of Reason, to fathom the depths of the *necessary* Revelation of God (a revelation proved to *be* necessary by the Rationalist's very absurdities). Unable however to comprehend this, and arbitrarily measuring and limiting the Infinite mind by his own, he rejects what he cannot understand, and

thus lies under the self imposed burthen, of proving, that *because* it is *above* reason, it is therefore necessarily *against* it. But Philosophy finds this a hard task; and affecting to despise what it cannot explain, sets up the *supremacy of human reason* as an idol of worship! thus converting the brightest intellect into the darkest curse, and that daughter of heaven Truth herself, into a changeling of the devil.

Tis well if we contempt can show
When *brilliant fools* advise —
We *happily* too *dull* — to grow
So *miserably wise.*

Metaphysical religion, or philosophy, so called, has now been learning its lesson for some thousands of years, and it is high time it began to teach, us something. But what is the *real* extent of the *discoveries made*, and what the *fixed results* arrived at by its professed disciples, since the days of the ancient pagan men? — little or none. — Read their works — you find them proud, positive, dogmatising, even in their pretended scepticism; *knowing* every thing, *proving* nothing, and ridiculing one another. Their arguments are alone, *destructive* — they would *demolish* a *church*, but they cannot *build* a

hovel — they sneer at a treasury of «*gold*» and «*pearl*» and summon the world to admire *their* trifles of *pebble* and *shell* — and pretending that *they* are the *only enlightened ones of the earth!* would subject us to the crude dogmas, and unintelligible *) systems, originating in the heads of those, whose highest ambition seems to be *to think differently from each other.* The press of Germany now teems with pamphlets and books abounding in coarse and unseemly comment, not to say blasphemy; none of it new, but collected from the Herberts — Humes — Boyles — Bolinbrokes — Tom Paines — and the ribald tribe of revolutionary France, in whose wake the boasted intellect of Germany does not disdain to be found. «Truth» say they «can never be hurtful to man» — admitted — and with it, the *greatest proof* that «*what they would teach*, is *not* the truth». This teaching however it is, against which english parents *cannot be too much on their guard, in educating children in Germany.*

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*) Some high philosophers there be
Who find it hard plain sense to talk
As some strange animals we see,
Who *climb* — although they scarce can *walk*.

It is to be remarked that in some of their books, conclusions unfavorable to christianity are attempted to be drawn from the circumstance, that many in Germany who once professed the Faith, *have* become Philosophers, while no professed Philosophers *have ever turned* to the Faith. — Such however may in the same spirit be reminded of the reply of Arcesilaus to one who asked how it was, that so many went from other sects to the epicureans, but none from the epicureans to the other sects? because, said he, of *men*, some *are* made *eunuchs*; but of *eunuchs were* none *ever* made *men*.

«With the *heart*» (and not with the *head*) «man believeth». Rom. 10. c. and 10. v. — «He who believeth hath the witness *in* himself. 1. John 5. and 10. — and the greatest comfort man can possess is, that everlasting life is the reward of *belief*, and not of *explanation*. What then is offered in exchange by those who would despoil him of this? Would they know its value? Let them ask those over whose heads have rolled the deep waves of affliction — *whom tempests have vexed*, and storms have made afraid — whose hearts are wounded and full of heaviness — and with whom the broken moonbeams of hope

fall upon a troubled sea. — *They* will tell them there are griefs, which though the world may have *aided*, its Philosophy can never reach *to cure;* and that He whose spirit others venture to despise, can *alone* still the waves, make the stormy wind to sleep, and so bring them to the peaceful haven where they would be.

So then — let the Moralist reject it — and the Sceptic ridicule it — and Philosophy, wrapped in its dark chill mantle, sit aloof in clouds, and proudly despise it — but may *we*, be enabled to «hold fast, without wavering, the profession of our *faith*». — Let us by way of conclusion add still a few words of *remarkable* warning, from the same old fashioned, and with some, nearly obsolete volume. — «Beware lest any man spoil you through *Philosophy*, or *vain conceit;* after the *traditions of men;* after the *rudiments of the world;* and *not* after Christ»:

Philosophic «*Fables*»!

2nd Book.

Written by one — Paul — to the Corinthians — 2., 2. c., 8. v.

A Closing Chapter.

The Printer is just ready to complete the last sheet — and as this little book set out with an opening chapter, there seems to be every reason why it should be brought to an end with a closing one. The writer then humbly ventures to hope, that the object he proposed herein has not been altogether unachieved — and if while building it up, his opinions, feelings, and attachments have been exhibited it was with no desire to set them forth obtrusively, but they have been offered in the sincere wish to be found in however small a degree, useful, in his day and generation.

The Year 1846 is almost gone, with its immense amount of events and remembrances — of hopes and fears — of pains and pleasures — of anxieties and toils — gone, with its record of affections, passions, and deeds evil and good. — It is Christmas time — the weather is churlish and dull, the winds of winter blow keenly — the glory of the vegetable empire is gone — the trees look

dark and chilling amidst their leafless guise — and the bright glow of an english fire side cheers not the evening hour. — Yet has each season its enjoyments and honors — and *this* peculiarly, in that it calls us to those aspirations, which every thankful living soul must breathe to Him, whose Advent it commemorates.

True the sun does not shine — but the sound of many voiced, and kindly hearted greeting, compensates his absence; and the author believes he cannot do better than join in the general salutation, and conclude by wishing to all and every one, not forgetting himself,

a Merry Christmas

and

a Happy New-Year!

Dated from

The Chapel of The Golden Bull

this 24th of December 1846.

APPENDIX.

The following is offered for the information of those who may be desirous of inspecting some of the *principal* collections of interest, in Nuremberg.

Boerner, S. N°. 35., Winklerstrasse. — Engravings — and woodcuts by celebrated artists, classed schools.

Campe, L. N°. 198. — A choice collection of paintings by the old dutch, italian, german, and flemish masters — engravings — albums autographs etc.

(Since the recent death of Dr. Campe, his family have decided to sell these — and Catalogues are to be obtained, gratis, of the principal booksellers in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, etc.). —

Cnopf, S. N°. 357., Carolinenstrasse. — Cabinet of medals and coins, in gold and silver.

Dallinger, S. N°. 748. — Medals- and various-portraits in wax by Möglich.

v. Forster, S. N°. 19., Principalmarket. — An interesting collection of German antiquity and art by Volkamer — particularly those of the 16th and 17th centuries — works in ivory by Zick — and others by some of the most renowned Nuremberg Artists — a bronze by Peter Vischer — sundry paintings, rare manuscripts and me-

dals — amongst the latter, those struck at Nuremberg, when it possessed the right of coinage, are very remarkable.

v. Fürer, S. N°. 728., Wolfsgasse. — A small but valuable collection of beautiful engravings, and wood cuts of the old school. Those by Dürer deserve a high distinction, particularly a head of christ, whose excellence of finish (collossal though it be) you can test by the microscope. — Indeed I, much question if the spirited design and excution of this strikingly powerful wood engraving could be excelled even at the present day.

v. Gemming, L. N°. 2., near the Fleischbrücke. — Various relics of ancient times — Egyptian, Grecian, Carthaginian, Roman, and Byzantine. — Collections illustrative of the natnral history of Bavaria. — Antidiluvian remains of the organic kingdom — German armour, arms — utensils — and local chronicles — portraits, etc. Some of these (the least valuable) are displayed in the chapel on the Freiung — others are at the house of the proprietor — and the rest are in the care of M^r. Löffelholz, S. N°. 770., Egydienplatz.

Giehrl, S. Nr. 1375. — Greek and roman coins.

v. Haller, Conservator of the royal Gallery and Pictures at Nuremberg. — A good collection in all the branches of art — at St. Croix beyond the Neuenthor.

v. Haller, S. N°. 758., Egydienplatz. — About thirty thousand engravings — mostly by the ancient masters — autographs, and letters of celebrated men, of the 16th nnd 17th centuries.

Hertel, S. N°. 1518., near the Wöhrderthor. — Collection of art and natural history in all departments — pictures stained glass — and glass paintings — numerous engravings new and old — models — and medals in silver and gold — works in ivory, amber, wax, and wood — old chinese curiosities — tapestry — crystals, petrifactions, and various other geological remains — together with a multitude of interesting objects, too numerous to mention. — This collection is one of the best, and the most extensive in the town.

v. Holzschuher, S. N°. 781., Egydienplatz. — Portrait of one of the proprietor's ancestors by Albrecht Dürer whose intimate friend he had the honor to be.

Merkel, J., S. N°. 97., Weinmarkt. — Objects of ancient art amongst which you

will see the famous silver Epergne by Jamnitzer — of its kind unequalled in the world.

Merkel, L. N°. 95., Königsstrasse. — Mineralogical and Pharmaceutical the last very rich.

Reindel, at the Landauer Gallery. — Director of the artistical school. — Collections of design's drawings and engravings; and an album, consecrated to the memory of Albrecht Dürer, by german artists.

v. Scheurl, S. N°. 606., Burgstrasse. — Objects of ancient and modern art. In this house you may see the chamber of the Pfalzgraves.

Amongst other curiosities here must be mentioned that over the portal of the shambles by the Fleischbrücke the «sehr *fette* in Stein gehauene» ox! — as «large» as life perhaps, if not quite as «natural» — beneath it is the motto:

Omnia habent ortus suaque incrementa, sed ecce
quem cernis nunquam bos fuit hic vitulis.

And truly it does not look as if it had ever been «fed»; neither does it convey any very favorable impression of the prize breed of castle in 1551. It has many points, all curious, but none of them good. For instance

it has the hind quarters of a lion, ornamented with the tail of a giraffe — its projecting eyes forcibly remind us of a contemplative crab whom we once remember to have surprised among the rocks on the beach at Hastings — its horns are long, and bending like those of an amatory grasshopper — and altogether it has the air of an animal evidently created quite out of the ordinary course of mortal beef!

The Churchyard of St. Rochus should be visited — it is of similar character though not so interesting as that of St. Johannis — you will find it is in the neighbourhood of the Fürth railroad. — The Cemetry adjoining the first named, appertains to the Military.

In the short account of Nuremberg now brought before the reader, all mention of the biography of Dürer, Stoss, Krafft, Vischer, and their contemporaries has been purposely omitted as beyond its scope. — Their lives and doings are already ably chronicled. — No opportunity however should be lost of immortalizing for execration the name of the female devil who kicked up such a dust as to obscure and finally to extinguish the light

of the purest and brightest star in the whole heaven of german art. Albrecht Dürer died in the furnace of domestic tribulation — a most tormenting death — one which it is firmly believed Socrates himself only escaped by being poisoned. Agnes Frey (whom he married in spite of her name, which alone onght to have been enough to preserve him), Agnes Frey, after leading him a *broiling* life of it, succeeded in plaguing his mild and gentle spirit out of his body, on the 8th April 1528. His tomb, bearing the following inscription, will be found under a drooping willow in St. Johns Churchyard — (N°. 649.).

ME. AL. DV.
QVICQVID. ALBERTI. DVRERI. MORTALE.
FVIT.
SVB. HOC. CONDITVR. TVMVLO. EMIGRAVIT.
VIII. IDVS. APRILIS. MDXXVIII.

His portrait graces many a window in this old town. — Look at it. — Its amiable benignant, aye heavenly expression, fills the beholder with delight — a mournful delight however — for the heart already fancies to discover touches of sadness there — and who can wonder when they read his story! — But his face is even as the face of an angel — breathing mildness, benevolence, tenderness,

peace, and one cannot help loving it as something *beyond* that commonly assigned to, man — now look at the severe lines in the countenance of Agnes Frey (dreadful name!) — Vultus est index animi — and it were folly to suppose that such as *he*, could have been any match for the linguacious, mendacious and pugnacious spirit, of that female devil — Agnes Frey. —

We now proceed to fulfil the promise made in the ninth chapter of this book; and accordingly reward the reader's patience by initiating him into the mystery of preparing

THE NUREMBERG NECTAR.

Take a pound of fine loaf sugar — squeeze upon this, *through muslin*, the juice of one or two oranges — add the third part of a (common sized wine) bottle of the *best otd Batavian arrack* and a bottle of good red or white Rhine Wine (hot). Pour upon these a bottle of *boiling* Water — stir all together — and — taste the reward of your labour — but don't forget the old heathen's resolution — and now for

THE AMBROSIA.

Cut into small pieces $^3/_4$ of a pound of blanched almonds and roast them on an iron

plate 'till they become yellow. — Then take a pound of finely powdered loaf sugar, and eight eggs well beaten, and amuse yourself by stirring these together, for, at the least, $^3/_4$ of an hour; this done add one oz of cinnamon — $^1/_2$ an oz of coarsely broken cardamom — $^1/_4$ pound of finely shred candied orange and lemon peel — and again blend these with the former ingredients. — You must then add $^3/_4$ of a pound of the finest flour, *dry*, and stir the whole together till it is thoroughly mixed — spread it carefully on wafer of this ▭ form, to the thickness of your finger and put it into the oven, which must not be too much heated, or the lebkuchen will speedily turn brown; whereas, its color should be lighter than the most delicate macaroon. — The orthodox dimensions of each cake are exactly $8^1/_2$ inches long and $5^1/_2$ inches wide!

Delectable however as the *Nectar* of Olympus undoubtedly was, it is at least equally certain that the gods themselves were known to have given the preference to the renowned *Elixir cerealian* of Nuremberg. It was introduced to the notice of those high personages, by Comus, upon the occasion alluded to in the following

SONG.

Humbly dedicated to all drinkers of BAVARIAN-BEER.

In Olympus when *Fame* told of Munich's success
In the Fine Arts, aud Fresco's, and Temples com-
plete,
Jove sent off by *Mercury*, orders express,
To summon the *Deities* all to a treat —
Jolly *Comus*, commissioned to govern the feast,
Told his *God*-ship — although there was lots of good
cheer
Yet — for drinking — the *Nectar*, as *he* thought at
least
Was nothing — compared with *Bavarian Beer*.

So the *Thunderer* willing to keep up the fun,
And humour the whim of his merry faced Ruler [1]),
Send *Ganymede* instantly off with a tun
To be filled with the best from the brew of Neu-
müller:
Juno tasted — then *Jove* — then the *Muse* — ical
Nine —
And the liquor foamed briskly, pearl'd, potent and
clear;

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[1]) Of the feast.

All declared they had never drunk ought so divine,
As they swigged off their toasts in *Bavarian Beer.*

Then *Apollo* was call'd on to give them a song,
Who declared with an oath, (I am sorry he swore),
That although he'd drunk *Helicon* water so long,
The devil a drop would he drink of it more.
Then he called for his fiddle and sat in the middle,
And draining a "Maas„ his dull fancy to clear,
He sung with great spirit, and gusto, and merit,
A canto — in praise of *Bavarian Beer!*

He said it was this made *Achilles* so bold,
It strengthen'd his nerves, and excited his powers,
And the magical club that did wonders of old,
Was, nothing on earth, but such tipple as ours [2]).
And he sung how those monsters by *Hercules*, slain
Were Trouble and Misery, Sorrow and Fear,
And if harass'd by any such *Hydras* again
They are soon put to death in *Bavarian Beer.*

He advised all young gentlemen [3]) languid and pale
Whom love like a cholic so grievously pests,
This "principiis obsta„ as sure to prevail,
And drive that scamp *Cupid*, away from their breasts;
Singing — "Bid him begone then — all whining despise,

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[2]) [3]) The fiddler was doubtless already "half seas over„ when he uttered these expressions, or he would not have been so unmindful of the place and company.

*

Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear,
Forget all such folly, grow rosy and wise
And drown the young thief [4]) in *Bavarian Beer*„.

Here he ceased, because *Venus* grew angry tis said
Sprang up on the table, and after him "*run*„
And aiming a terrible blow at his head,
In the heat of her fury, knock'd over the tun.
Then the row became general; goddesses, gods,
All in horrid cabal, and no constable near!
Cupid jump'd out of window, and swore "a long odds„
The *Divines* were all drunk with *Bavarian Beer*.

But the joking of *Momus*, the fighting of *Mars*;
And all fun quickly ceased, when the liquor ran o'er,
The drops that got scattered above, turned to stars;
And the rest, fell to earth in a pure golden [5]) shower.
While, as for the "Tun„ — as Chronologers say —
And the truth of the history seems very clear —
It rolled into Heidelberg castle that day [6]),
But quite emptied of all the *Bavarian Beer* [7]).

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[4]) Of hearts.

[5]) The beautiful golden haze which so frequently bedrops the summer evening landscape is called by the Germans "der goldene Regen„.

[6]) Where, in confirmation of this it is still to be seen!

[7]) An event much to be deplored — for had only a few drops remained behind, professor Gmelin would no doubt have kindly analysed them.

As *Apollo* ran off [8]) I must finish the song —
Ye whom Dietz, Ziel, and Wigand [9]) have physick'd
to death;
Ye whom Kreitmayer, Krafft [10]), and the Polizei throng,
Have driven about till you're quite out of breath,
Now listen to me. — This Elixir contains
A charm, it is said, all your sorrows to cheer,
It raises your spirits, sends health thro' your veins —
So — Hurrah! — for a Maas of *Bavarian Beer!!*

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and thus have put the Heidelbergians into the way of obtaining a much better brew than they are said to have at present.

[8]) The Fiddler, it is believed, was altogether *too far gone* to sing any more.

[9]) [10]) Some of the most celebrated practitioners of Medicine and Law in this good old beer drinking town.

It is said, that Jupiter availing himself of the confusion above related, paid his celebrated visit to Danaë, during the very "shower„ referred to — but such anachronisms are too apparent to deceive the classical reader!!

Errata.

Page 1. line 16. for «none other» read «few others»
» 18. » 25. » «on» read «or»
» 59. » 7. » «veaching» read «reaching»
» 93. » 8. » «through» read «though»
» 111. » 2. » «brilliand» read «billiard»
» 113. » 16. » «comply live» read «comply they live»
» 138. » 7. » «classed» read «classed in»
» 141. » 2nd from the bottom, for «castle» read «cattle».

NÜRNBERG

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Whitling, Henry John,

Some account of Nuremberg and what is to be met with there for visitors and fire-side readers

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